HOW TO BRING PEACE ON EARTH

BY H. G. WELLS

DEC. 29, 1934

Liberty

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TOO YOUNG FOR CHRISTMAS by Kathleen Norris

HOLIDAY
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CHRISTMAS IS HERE! HURRAH! HURRAH!!!

HELLO, folks! Here we are—ready for another joyfest! It's time to dance, laugh, and frolic about and kick up your heels.

Humdrum monotony! The blues!

Throw them out! Send them to oblivion! Smash them into bits! This is the time to put away bothersome worries—to play high jinks—to just be yourself minus frills or furbelows.

And dignity! Forget it! Too much formality brings stiff spines, creaky joints, rheumatism, and gout.

A riotous, boisterous holiday! That's the idea! Your friends are everywhere. Your enemies? They have flown! Anyway, this is the time to ignore them!

The smile that won't come off! Just let it beam with effervescent joyousness!

Eat, drink, and be merry! That's the thought for this glad Christmas Day! And there should be so much good cheer that intoxicating stimulants could be absent; though, to paraphrase, "a little liquor now and then is said to be good for the best of men" may be commendable on this glad occasion.

Even rowdyish deviations, due to the holiday spirit, can be forgiven. And if you are short on cash, make up for it with an exuberant display of spirited aliveness.

This is the time to climb out of the rut that some people fall into.

The routine of daily duties! Leave them behind. A friendly attitude, a winning smile, a charming manner—all this allurement is now appropriate.

The spirit of giving is in the air. And give freely! If your pocketbook has "emptyitis," pass along kindliness, a cordial handshake, and endearing smiles! Ah, they can be as delightful as an affectionate embrace!

Christmas is for merrymaking! Shout the glad tidings! Sing hosannas! Hurrah for everything and everybody!

A little intoxication is not out of place, especially if it comes from the effervescence of appreciation of this joyous holiday.

But buoyant and vigorous physical life needs no alcoholic beverage to give one fire, spirit, and fervor.

And, as the Christmas viands are enjoyed, do not forget that it is possible to mar this happy occasion with overmuch eating and drinking.

Aliveness and more aliveness is especially important, and a drunken stupor, whether with liquor or overmuch food, will materially lessen your enjoyment of this festive event.

But let's make merry!

Christmas is here! The holiday season is upon us!

And to one and all we wish

A JOYOUS AND MERRY CHRISTMAS!

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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HOW TO BRING PEACE on EARTH

A Plan for the Years to Come—A World State Must Replace Our Present Governments, Says a Distinguished Thinker—An Attack Merely on War Will Never Abolish This Ancient Evil

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

FOR some years a younger generation of writers has ragged and bullied me so persistently—and I have been so disinclined to engage in apologetics—that I have come to believe there was something almost scandalously wrong in my reactions to the events of August, 1914. I launched the phrase "The War to End War"—and that was not the least of my crimes. I questioned the rightness of mere abstinence from war and threw doubts upon the moral perfection of the conscientious objector. I felt that any one had not that much right to contract out of a community to which he or she belonged. The conscientious objectors had a knack of surviving the war, and they did so with a heavy grievance against me.

But recently I have been exploring my past and writing an autobiography about it, and I find myself much more disposed than I thought I should be to defend myself against the indictments of the intelligentsia of the 1920s.

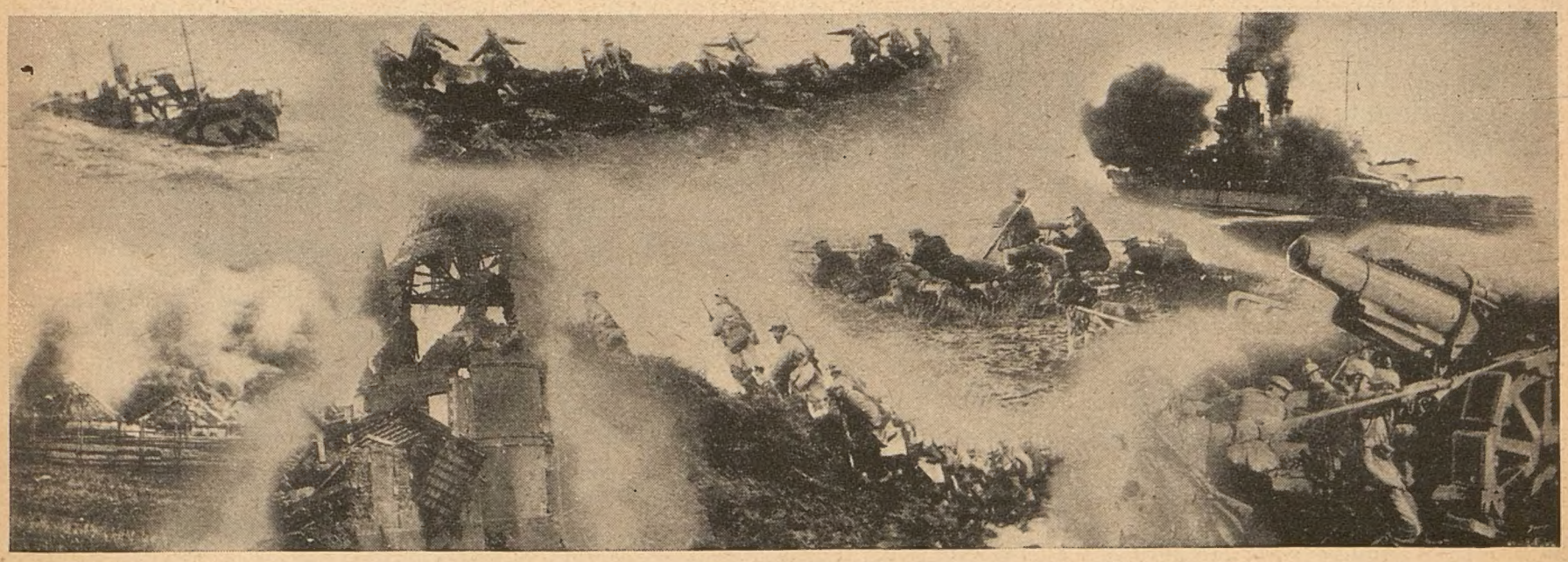
I think if I had had more vision of the possibilities of warfare in 1904, let us say, that then I should have been working more strenuously than I did to avert the catastrophe; I should have been throwing my inappreciable weight, for all that it was worth, on the side of arbitration, mutual security pacts, international organizations and the like—especially international organizations and world services.

But also I think that, confronted with the situation of August 4, 1914, over again, and with the knowledge which I then possessed, I should have written very much as I wrote in these early war articles. Since they were written I like to think that I have learned a good many things; but I do not think that I have learned anything that makes me anxious to repudiate or reverse my words.

I indorse my criticisms of prewar England in these early articles, and if I was so optimistic as to anticipate peace in 1916 and a change of heart in the English schoolmaster, it was plainly because I had failed to carry my manifestly very poor opinion of the Allied military direction and of upper-class English education to its logical conclusion. I thought the war would end in 1916, and I said as much; but our ruling class stuck tightly in the saddle and muffed a winning war for us, for two more years of unnecessary strain.

In 1916 I had still to learn of the sanguinary foolishness of the summer offenses of 1916 and to realize the complete impotence of our gallant admirals in face of the North Sea and Baltic problems. The lazy-minded old rascals had never thought about those problems, and that was a stunning discovery for me.

It sounds abusive and beneath my dignity to call the prewar British Admiralty lazy-minded old rascals; but, really, what else *can* you call them? From 1900 onward



it was as plain as daylight that if the British navy was ever to face a great war again it would be almost certainly with Germany, and that, unless we were to abandon the aggressive and the Nelson tradition and all that, we should have to go in to the shallows of the German coast.

We did abandon the Nelson tradition—we never took the aggressive anywhere; we waited for the weaker German forces to hit us. The navy had nothing worth saying to say about Heligoland and nothing to say about Constantinople. Before the war the British navy had become primarily an organization for buying large expensive battleships—and it was hardly anything else.

But that is by the way.

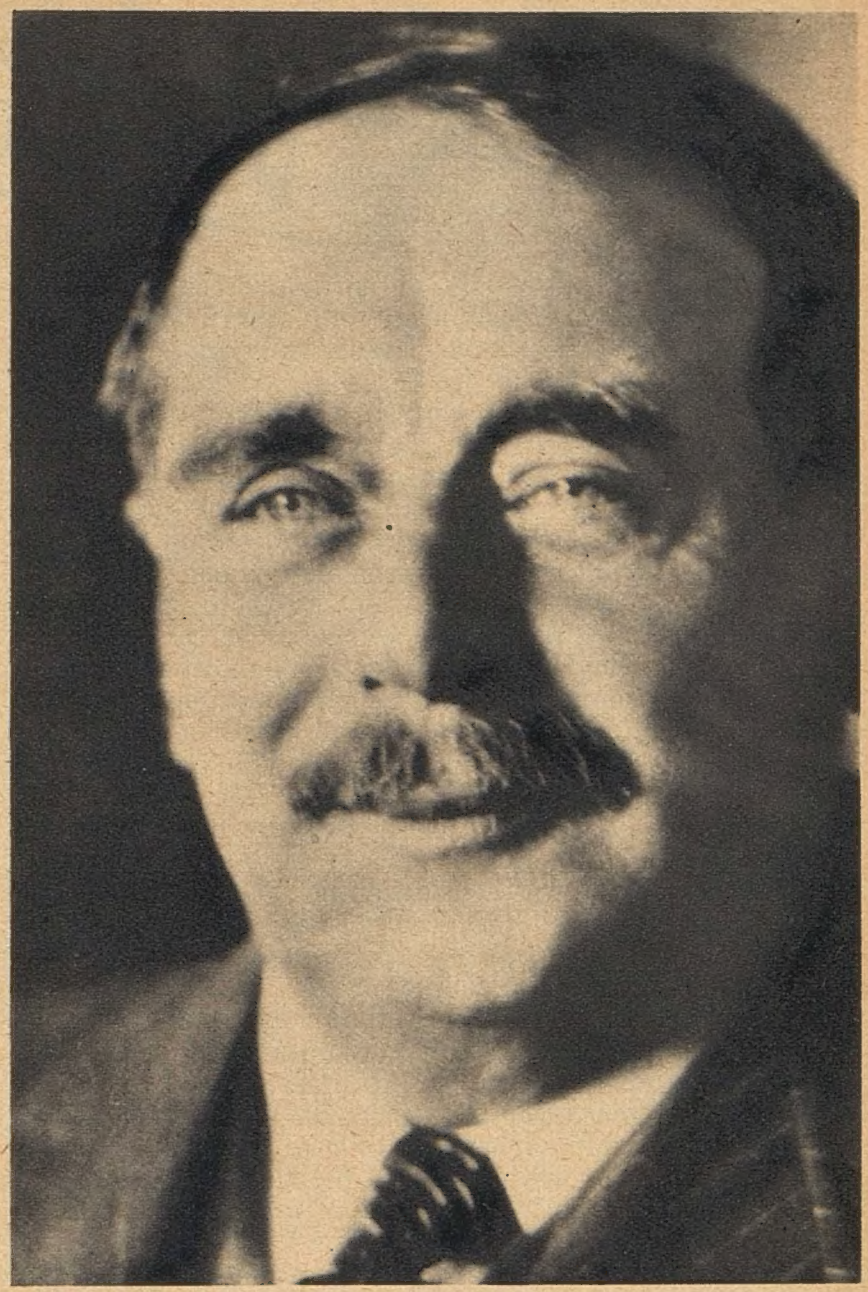
What is, I think, of greater interest about these early war articles than whether they were right or wrong is the question of what isn't in them—and what would be in them if they had to be written over again today. I think they are a very good reflection of the advanced liberalism of their time; but I think that today an advanced young liberal, in the same position I occupied then, would have a much clearer, fuller, and wider grasp of the world situation.

In other words, and in spite of many discouraging contemporary realities, from the bawlings and outrages of Hitler's gangsters to civil commotions in Ireland, and the pedantic unwillingness of Russia to line up frankly with the general reconstructive movement in the West, I do find that there is an ampler and deeper liberalism in the mind of the world today than anything we had got to a score of years ago.

I KNOW it is the fashion to be despondent about contemporary political thought; to point to the feebleness of our party leading and the prevalence of narrow self-seeking and hysterical and sordid nationalism everywhere; but I am persuaded that nevertheless there is a powerful current of ideas flowing toward a greater social order than our world has ever seen before, and that such ideas are accumulating and gathering force.

The very triteness, weakness, and inconclusiveness of much of our contemporary political life is, I think, evidence of the gravity of these gathering forces. We did not grasp all at once the huge intimations the war was conveying to us. We misinterpreted the war, and war itself, as being not symptoms but things in themselves. It is only now, after ten years of false starts and reflection and self-correction, that we begin to realize the real nature of the changes in human conditions of which the World War was only a terrific manifestation.

The scale and range and power of human activities has been altered by a complicated development of inventions and discoveries, and this has made it imperative to adjust the methods of human association and government to new requirements. The old forms of governments, the



Mr. Wells. "Who dare deny," he asks, "that the war of 1914-18 was not only the first but the last World War?"

by H. G. WELLS

old boundaries of states, the old standards of obligation, the old methods of production and distribution under scarcity conditions are now disastrously inappropriate; they strangle and crush human life. And until we can work out new conceptions of relationship and coöperation our collective existence is necessarily a system of violent blunderings and frustrations.

Until the new is not only conceived broadly and distinctly, but believed in, men will have to go on using the old phrases, the old forms, and the old usages. What else can they do? They have lost their faith in the old, and for a time they are powerless to pass on to the new; and to that—to the fact that we are, so to speak, in a climax of transition—we must, I think, ascribe the peculiar cynicisms, inadequacies, vehemences, and hysteria of the general public life of the world at the present time. It is a necessary breaking up and voiding of institutions, customs, and morale before the lines of the new order can be made plain.

But that new order is appearing. Day by day and year by year, since the war, I have found in my own mind, and seen in myriads of minds about me, the steady emergence to clearness and definition of the main lines of this new world order. Things that were seen first as if through the magic mists of a Utopian dreamland are presently found to be real possibilities within the scope of actual practical effort. As the outlines grow firmer and more convincing, the will to realize those outlines gathers force. A new social and political objective is, I believe, taking shape in the minds of an increasing number of people altogether outside the world of ostensible politics and economic direction; they are setting about to find the way to that objective, and they will find it and it will be attained.

This objective is nothing less than a federal world state, a World Pax, which will absorb, flatten out, and replace the present sovereign governments of the world altogether.

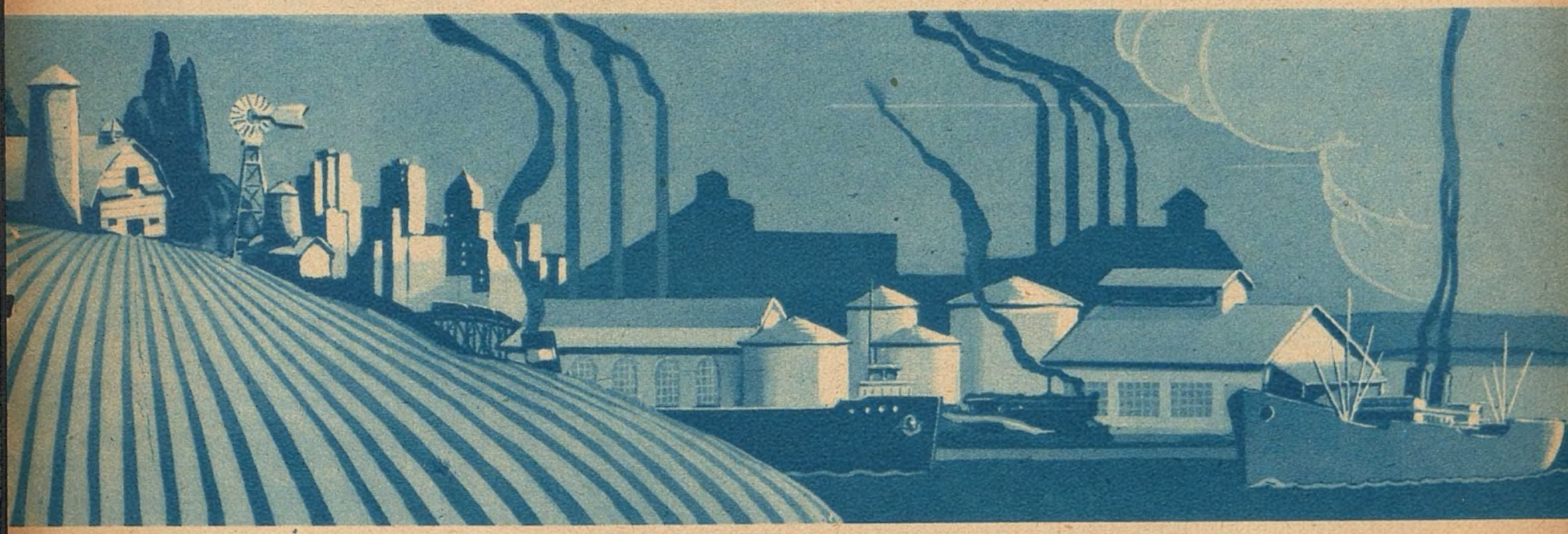
At first this objective has been seen by many as a purely political federation for the abolition of war. This was how it appeared, for example, to President Wilson and his followers. The League of Nations was a first crude attempt to solve the problem of a World Pax. The horrors of the Great War, and the widespread fear of still greater horrors and destruction if there is further warfare in Europe, keeps the minds of many people concentrated still upon this purely preventive and political conception of world federation. But that is not enough. It does not meet the occasion. The experiences of the past decade have demonstrated more and more plainly that a purely political world league against war is entirely ineffective unless there is also some sort of economic and financial pacification. Actual war is only the acute form of a chronic disease of the world's affairs. Since 1918 the nations have been, and are now with a gathering intensity, warring against each other by tariff and dumping and by monetary and financial strategy, with a social destructiveness that is at least comparable to the results of formal military aggression.

It becomes plainer and plainer that a political pax is almost entirely empty, a mere "gesture," unless there is also a considerable measure of financial and economic federation.

There is no peace for human beings without coöperation. People put that idea in the form of a demand for a "world money" and a "world credit system"; and a major riddle in the path of world statesmanship is how to evoke some conference or council or other federal authority with sufficient prestige to discharge so dominating a task.

SUCH an authority could not exist alone. World peace is like a table that must have all its legs to stand firm. Another associated world interest is transport. Sea transport and air transport alike cry aloud for their proper development, for a control transcending merely national and imperial boundaries. And transport again is linked inextricably with the world production and the gross marketing of staple commodities. All these are common interests which demand a common government. All these are interests that appeal imperatively to men of technical ability, to energetic and able people, to men of imagination—and with such ultimately rests the leadership of mankind.

On a realization of these urgent everyday practical needs of the human community, far more than on war-fear, will the coming world federation rest. It is intelligence and not sentiment that will give us world peace. A direct attack merely on war and political fragmentation will never abolish these ancient evils. A pooling of economic interests, on the other hand, would outflank war; and any effective federal control of interstate transport, once it could be set up, would render it impossible forevermore.



OOD WILL TO MEN

Common sense, I think, is all on the side of the federal solution to our present human difficulties. It involves the least disturbance of existing sentiments and loyalties. Many of us—and I am one of the sinners—have talked too freely, and without sufficient explicitness, of the World State. A World State, as liberal thought conceives it, will not be anything like a national state magnified to planetary dimensions. It is not to be thought of in that way. It will be something quite different. I do not see any World President and Parliament of Mankind coming into being in the future.

The League of Nations at Geneva is much too like a Parliament of Mankind, and that is one of the reasons for its impotence.

But I am at one with most serious liberal thought nowadays in desiring to see a permanent monetary and credit conference, a world transport board with complete control of the air, an industrial and agricultural council, overriding and setting aside the internecine nationalistic conflicts that now waste and destroy our lives. They will not be consultative bodies; they will be legal, fully empowered bodies, intrusted with full authority. It is along these lines that hope will presently return to mankind.

Of course you cannot change human institutions without a corresponding change in human minds, and beneath the struggle to bring about these new world arrangements there will have to be a mental warfare of the most intense and far-reaching scale.

Everywhere, in schools, colleges, books, newspapers, pulpits, radio talks, the conception of the New Scale of dealing with human affairs must be spread incessantly.

That campaign is beginning, but it is still only beginning. There is a vast resistance of honest stupidity and prejudice to be overcome, and much scoundrelism lurking by the way. There is a gigantic task before the persuasive factors in human life. The idea of a New Scale has imposed itself enormously upon the more active-minded of us in the twenty years since 1914, but it has still to be made a primary conception in common thought throughout the world. It is the major fact of contemporary history.

As we get it clearer we shall be able to make it clearer to other people. When it has been fully grasped, and its political, social, and mental implications begin to be realized, then we shall be entering upon a new phase in the history of our race.

We shall realize then better than we do now that, after all, the Great War was the beginning of the end of human fragmentation; that it was at any rate the opening phase of a process of convulsive adjustment which will ultimately abolish war. The adjustment is a vastly bigger and more difficult job than we realized in 1914; there may be some huge jars and dislocations still ahead, but it is going on. Human thought is sounder and ampler than the daily newspapers would have us believe. We have immense armies numerically, and vast accumulations of expensive and rather aimless munitions which the traders, under an organized system of bribery and public intimidation, have sold to our various governments.

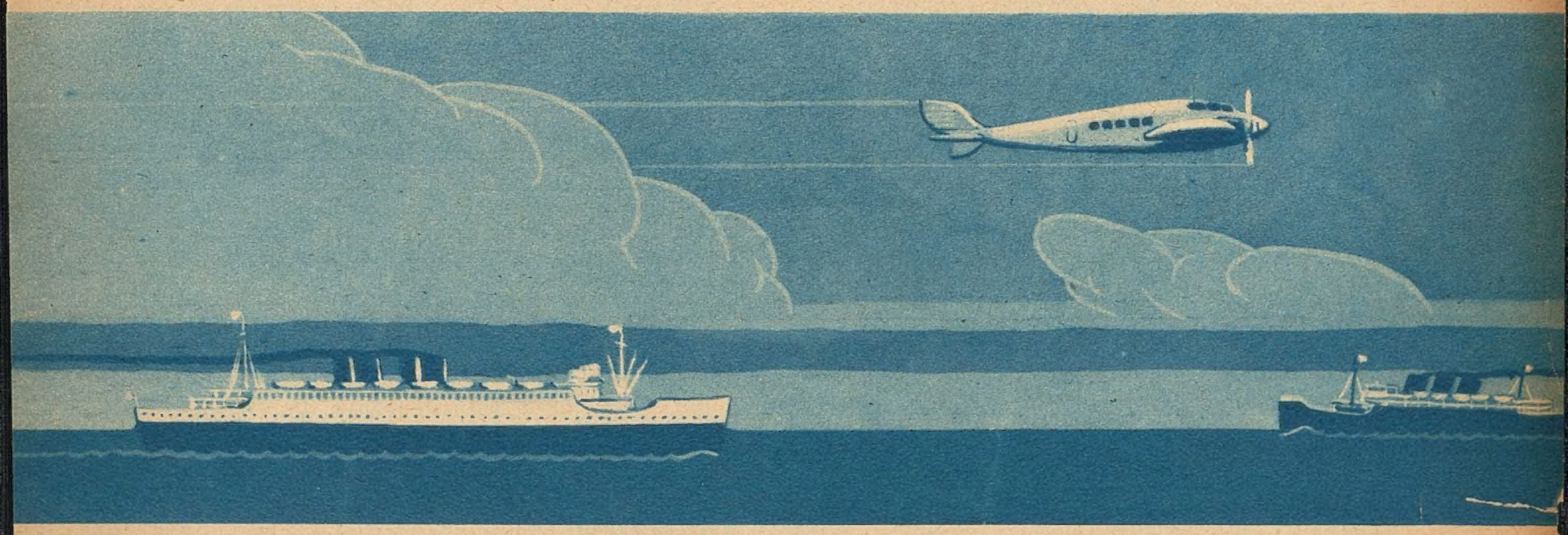
But nowhere in the world—not even in the Far East—are there now armed forces ready to start off for an objective, " according to plan," at the word " go," as the German armies started off in 1914. The hosts of today have none of that early simplicity of purpose.

A VAST proportion of existing armament is the result of jobbery and salesmanship in a muddle-headed world; it has nothing of the informing intelligence of the military organizations of Europe in the year 1914. Some or all of this inflammable stuff may catch fire, blow up, and become infinite misery and destruction—but that will be quite a different catastrophe from the definite and destructive comprehensiveness of the Great War. I am quite prepared to believe that there are governments in the world senseless enough to declare war, but I do not think there remain any governments in the world with the moral force and the intelligence to hold a war together as the Great War was held together until 1918. I believe this is more widely known and understood than our old-fashioned military authorities like to think.

I am not one of those who believe in any more " inevitable " wars. Man is not perhaps a very reasonable animal, but he is not wholly an instinctive one. In the light of the obvious, he is capable of reasonable collective action. Thirty or forty years is a big piece of a human life, but it is only a page in human history.

The lessons of the war are still being assimilated, slowly but surely. Who can say, in the world today, whether adjustment may not win out in our present discords and perplexities? Who dare deny even now that the Great War of 1914-18 was not only the first but the last World War?

THE END



Too Young for Christmas

A Story Such as Only This Well Beloved Author Could Write . . . A Tender Tale of Homing Hearts and a Holiday Honeymoon

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

CHRISTMAS has lost everything it ever had. Maybe it never really had anything—maybe we fool ourselves into thinking so!" Alice Braintree said half aloud.

She stood in the freshly curtained window of her private dining room in the boarding house, looking out into the November night. The three big dining rooms adjoining it had once been the dining room and the double parlors of the Huddleston mansion, and Alice the heiress of the Huddlestons. This little room in which she stood had been a big old-fashioned pantry; she and her governess had had their suppers here.

And at Christmas time, before the tree was set up and trimmed—but no, she dared not think of the happy old Christmases tonight!

Alice sighed deeply. Dinner had been announced; the boarders were gathering at the tables; she must sit down.

"Are either of the young ladies coming tonight, Mrs. Braintree?"

"Not tonight. Both engaged."

"They sure have one good time!" Rosa said.

"They do indeed. Don't try to take more than two at a time, Anna."

"Anna ast me if we could put the new people at your table until the Clintons go," Rosa said confidentially. "I says, 'No; we don't never put any one there but her and the children.'"

"That was right. Mr. Tom may be here tonight," Alice said. "Oh, Tom, my son, my son!" her heart screamed. "Come home and have dinner with me, and afterward talk to me—take me somewhere!"

Nobody came. Tom, Miranda, Margery did not often dine at home now.

The children—they were all in the twenties now—naturally despised the boarders and the boarding house. Children usually scorn the conditions in which they find their elders trapped, but Alice did not know that.

For Alice there were moments—moments when the cook was good-humored and asparagus down to five cents a pound—when she really liked her work. What the children naturally could not understand was her deep gratitude to her boarding house. She had turned toward this work as a livelihood in that dark hour when she had found

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
HAROLD T. DENISON

Margery had now launched her thunderbolt. "I won't be here. I'm going away on Thursday." Alice had turned to stone. "There's a Mann Act. I hope Ennsicoe knows it!" Tom had muttered darkly.

by Kathleen Norris

herself fatherless, husbandless, penniless, with three children to support.

Nothing that the rich father, the rich husband, the big fortune had given her had prepared her to earn her living. Her seven years of French, her two seasons in London might just as well have been spent in the Congo jungles, for anything they supplied that could help to feed little Tom, Miranda, and Moggsy when father, husband, and fortune had alike vanished.

But she had had the big house, and reason had told her that in a country where more than one hundred million persons must eat every day and sleep sheltered every night the house was an asset. Tearfully, ignorantly, she had made a start.

THE rest was all good to remember. Besides filling the big California Street house, she had presently taken on two adjoining houses. There was always a waiting list for Mrs. Braintree's now.

Forty-five was not old. Alice did not feel any older than she had at thirty-five. But just of late she somehow had lost her children; they did not seem to belong to her any more. Sadness, loneliness seemed close beside her. There was money in the bank; everything was going well. But her children had outgrown her. And without Tom, Miranda, and Moggs, what had she left?

She had lived for them—every one knew how generously, whole-heartedly, enthusiastically she had lived for her children. She had been their companion, their confidante; authority and discipline and direction had not played any part in the lives of the young Braintrees. They had rollicked, laughed, picnicked through their childhood on happy terms with their mother.

NOW suddenly her children had slipped from her fingers. They were marvelous persons, all three of them. She had not wanted to keep them babies. She had urged the girls to find their work just as their brother had. Margery was a private secretary; Miranda was wardrobe woman in one of the little theaters that flourished over on Telegraph Hill; Tom was in law school. Each had his and her friends, his and her interests. Well, that was normal; that was all right.

But what was hard, what was unexpected, was that they did not need her any more. They were all kind to her—abstractedly, dutifully kind. But they did not need their mother! That was the terrible truth.

They all had rooms together at the top of the house. These had been the servants' rooms in Alice's childhood; they made a delightful apartment now. The square windows under the roof looked down on the bay; Tom's books had roomy shelves; Miranda's puppets dangled orderly on their strings; Margery's cat was Alice's star boarder.

Alice went through the children's rooms every day, straightening, touching, lingering. Throughout all the seasons she kept flowers in each; not decorating, not elaborate, just enough to soften the too-perfect order. She put magazines about; she rarely returned from a shopping tour without small presents for her girls or her boy. Neckties, stockings, frills, a creamy gardenia, a small box of toffee—the young Braintrees could not return at night without finding on table or dresser some small evidence of their mother's love.

"You're cute, mom," the girls said affectionately. "Gee, that's swell. Thanks a lot, mom," Tom said. And even while they said it they would be dressing rapidly to go out, to escape from home again.

Alice's own room was lined with photographs. She had books of photographs of three bold and beautiful children—in high chairs, on scooters, skating, swimming, graduating, being bridesmaids in wedding groups. Sometimes she turned the pages back, lingering over the vision that had been Moggsy up at Tahoe, Miranda looking mutinously at the three candles on a birthday cake, Tom running the 220 for his college.

Oh, dear, dear, dear, this business of living was a heartbreaking thing for mothers! Sometimes Alice

knelt down in their empty rooms beside the children's pillows, and laid her face against the smooth linen, and felt her whole being dissolve in a great sigh of pain.

Eating her solitary dinner on this quiet cold November night, she determined at last to face the situation boldly. "I mustn't lose my nerve," she told herself. "I've done hard things before."

"Now let me see," Alice mused over the first-Tuesday-of-the-month dinner. At Mrs. Braintree's house thirty dinners rotated steadily, twelve times a year. Cooks rarely had nervous breakdowns in her kitchen. This was the salmon-and-sweetbreads night.

"It's the boarding house," she reflected, beginning her orderly course of thinking. "It's not really a home. They feel it. Well, I could sell to Babcock and let Gertrude run it. I'd do more than that to have them home again, talking to me, taking me into their lives!

"But suppose I let go here and things went on just the same—then where would I be? And with about five thousand a year how could I rent a place they'd really like? Out Pacific Avenue I might find something quaint—"

The next time they were all at breakfast together it would be fun to tell them. Breakfast was the only meal they did occasionally share in these days. It would be fun to tell them that their mother was a free woman—boarding-house days were over!

And if by that time she had found just the right little apartment to show them—a place with bookshelves and fireplaces— Alice determined that, Christmas presents or no Christmas presents, she would start house-hunting tomorrow!

It would take time, of course, to make the change. No matter, as long as it was the right change.

"What I did was all right as long as it was just a question of their schooling and their holidays," Alice said to herself, hurrying through marketing and shopping in the bright winter weather. "But now it's different."

Her reflection pleased her whenever she saw it in the dark shop windows or restaurant mirrors. It was good to feel well and be so busy at forty-five. The dark-green corduroy was becoming and the hat one of those lucky finds one always remembers. "Good-*looking*, that's what you are, my dear," Alice said to herself, "if you *have* got a daughter nearly twenty-five! You'll win this fight as you have other fights!"

BESIDES all the Christmas plans, and the presents for every one in the house and the servants too, and house-hunting, and talk to Gertrude and Babcock about the sale of the house, there was the question of Christmas itself. What would be the happiest possible plan for herself and the children this Christmas?

Facing the situation honestly, Alice had to admit that Christmases had not been any too successful in the past few years. Family gatherings of cousins and aunts had not seemed to appeal to the children. There had been a certain strained and heavy joviality about them that had rung false even in a mother's ear.

It was the sixteenth of December when Alice found in her mail the handsomely engraved folder that invited her to be among the guests at the opening of the Big Wow. The new country club claimed frankly that its first dance would be the important event of the Christmas season. Entertainment by Wing Lawson, Bag Wollff, Toby Bessemer. Joe Klinkerman's Band. Honor guests to be half the movie colony. Cover charge for the Christmas Eve dance, fifty dollars. Reservations already made by—

There followed a formidable list of professional and social lights. Alice's eyes darkened as she read; her jaw drew tight. Would the children like that? Every one had been talking for weeks about the opening of the Big Wow; invitations came only to the elect. She, Alice Braintree, who had been Alice Huddleston, would know every one. Suppose she bought a stunning dress, mailed these robbers a check.

But would her children want to take friends? That would be a complication. Miranda liked only those long-haired oddities over at the theater. Tom's girl was socially prominent; her family would not spare her over Christmas. Margery was making her mother uneasy by her attitude toward her employer—a handsome suave polo-playing duck-hunting person whose years numbered forty-two to Margery's twenty-one.

"I can't ask Miranda's ridiculous Huxley—he's a decent enough boy, but he's such a freak! And certainly I can't ask Alan Ennsicoe for Margery—a married man with children. As for Tom's Frances, I could suggest it, but I know that reactionary old family on Christmas Eve! Why couldn't we just go ourselves, we four, and trust to luck to meet some one interesting? Oh, dear, how it does complicate matters to have them grown up!"

A FEW days later she told them about it at breakfast. After they had all left for their various offices she sat on at the table in the little dining room, thinking about it. Her face was red, her lower lip bitten; one hand moved a fork absently back and forth, back across the pattern of the damask tablecloth.

With her slowly moving hand her thoughts went to and fro, and they were like a pain. She was definitely conscious of wanting not to think, of being trapped in thought.

Miranda, literary, modern, self-confident, had laughed amusedly at the Christmas Eve plan. Join that raving mob of drinkers and dancers and saxophone players! Margery had not troubled herself to explain how she had felt. Quite suddenly, even to Alice, explanations had been superfluous.

Tom had scowled concernedly. Gosh, that was kind of awkward. The Weeds were going up to the cabin in Truckee on the twenty-third. Christmas was a sort of family day with them. They had asked Tom to go along. Had mom made the reservations yet?

"I thought possibly Frances would come with us, and join her own people on Christmas Day," Alice had suggested gallantly over the hard lump that was forming in her throat.

"Oh, they'd never let her off Christmas Eve!" Tom had answered confidently. "They have presents and toasts and a tree, and all the kids! Fran says I'm the only outsider they ever let in."

"Well, then you must go!" Alice had said proudly, her heart one lump of hard pain.

None of her children had seen anything amiss, for Miranda had immediately said vaguely, "I suppose people still do that? I suppose ancient habit—superstition—still make one day different from other days?"

Margery, not listening to any of this, had now launched her thunderbolt. Coloring a little, speaking hesitantly yet bravely and firmly, Margery had said:

"I won't be here. I'm going away on Thursday."

"Won't be here, Moggsy?" Alice had tried to say it lightly, interestedly.

"Alan—Mr. Ennsicoe," Margery had said with a little obvious effort, "is driving to Eastlake. It's on Tahoe, on the Nevada side. He's going to get a divorce, mother. There are just as good winter sports there as at Yosemite, and he has a friend's cabin. I'm staying until Monday. After all," the girl had gone on defensively, looking about the circle with bright hard eyes, her cheeks very red, "after all, Christmas is just a *day*, isn't it?"

"There's a Mann Act. I hope Ennsicoe knows it!"

Tom had muttered darkly. "Christmas may be only a day, and the Mann Act only an act, but a jail is a jail, too."

Alice had turned to stone.

Miranda had asked, "Wasn't he divorced before?"

"I don't know what that has to do with it," Margery had said haughtily. She had risen to her feet, glanced at her wrist watch. But she had seen nothing, and the hand she had put on her mother's shoulder had been trembling. "Jewel and Ollie Borrows are going along," she had said scathingly to Tom, "and probably Jim Sykes. I'm sorry, mom," Margery had added. "I know how you feel. But there are times when you have to decide things for yourself!"

"Don't worry about her—she won't marry him!" Miranda had said soothingly; vaguely, when she and Alice had been left alone. And heroically she had promised: "Look here, mom. I'll go somewhere with you for Christmas. Only not to that Big Wow outrage. I'll be working on the costumes until midnight Christmas Eve, and there may be a rehearsal Christmas Day. But if there isn't, suppose you and I slip down to Carmel. I'll tell you who'd like to go along," Miranda had added, her lovely intellectual young face suddenly animated, "and that's Huxley Witherspoon! We both want to see what Millikin is doing with that theater down there."

ALICE had been too stunned to be politic.

"Huxley Witherspoon is that red-headed boy with the perspiry hands and the strong glasses, isn't he? Mandy, is he more than twenty-two?"

"I don't know that his age matters," Miranda had answered loftily.

There had been a distinct superior chill in her manner as she had perfunctorily kissed her mother good-by.

Now they were all gone. Alice sat on, stupefied. Motherhood was over. Selfish spoiled child that she had been when Miranda had come to her, somehow her children had seemed to her to be self-expression, fulfillment, justification. She had grown with them; she had had al-

Alice went into the bedroom. It seemed oddly right and comfortable to have him put his big arms about her and kiss her.

most as much to learn as her daughters had had. They had been good years, when every frock and schoolbook, every tennis racket and ice-cream cone had had to come from mother!

The winter morning wore on. Rosa and Anna and Mena cleared the dining rooms; shades were drawn; between-meal silence and peace held the lower floors.

"I may live for thirty useless superfluous years," Alice thought, "keeping check on the children's calls, seeing their children only when they remember to send them to see grandma, playing bridge with dressy old ladies in hotels!"

Rosa came in with questions from the cook. Alice started up and began mechanically to pull herself through the day's round. A dreary day—cold, bright, gusty, unfriendly. Wind was whining about the house; doors and windows creaked uneasily. Something was wrong with the chimneys. Alice's house rarely smelled of food; today she was conscious of odors of cauliflower and baking. Voices behind closed bedroom doors sounded sonorous, plaintive, forlorn. The furnace was apparently not working well. Babcock came through the halls opening doors, letting in drafts.

Alice lived again the scene at the breakfast table a hundred times. Miranda merely amused and pitying; Tom loyal and worried about Frances, to whose family Christmas was a "sort of a family day with presents and a tree and everything"; Margery quick and defensive, absorbed in her own flaming dream.

"Oh, well, oh, well, oh, *well*, one lives through anything!" Alice said to herself half aloud as the dull hours went by.

Late in the afternoon, going past her younger daughter's room, she saw Margery, with a new permanent wrapped carefully in cheesecloth and cold cream lavishly spread on her soft young face, busy with a suitcase that lay open on the bed. Margery's young slim body was wrapped in a cotton kimono. She smiled amiably at her mother.

Alice sat down. She *must* talk. She *could not* let this go on.

"Throwing away your life's happiness, dear. You're not able to judge now—but in a few years—it's mother talking, Moggs; you know how rarely I interfere—you know I don't want anything but your own happiness!"

Margery listened respectfully, patiently, busy meanwhile with brushes, transparent underthings rich with flat lace, little frocks.

"You don't know Alan, mother," she submitted once, mildly.

"I know all about him! My mother knew his mother."

"There's nothing sensational or sudden in what we're doing," Margery said, folding a sweater. "I wish you could see it as just a Christmas party for five extremely congenial people—don't move, mother, I can reach it! We'll have a beautiful time, and I'll come down with the Borrowses on Monday. It's—it's medieval," Margery protested, "to let it bother you so!"

AFTER a while Alice went away; this time to Miranda's room. Miranda lay face down upon her bed, sobbing. Miranda, the superbly self-possessed, the aloof and superior, who never cried!

To Alice's timid and concerned questions she would at first only answer with an impatient "Oh, because life is so *hellish!*" But after a while, when she was ashamedly sniffling, blowing her nose, and straightening her clothing and hair, she added sullenly, "I'll be here for Christmas, but I don't see how I could get down to Monterey. For Heaven's sake, let's spend it quietly without a lot of wishes and horns and holly!"

Later Tom came into Alice's room, at his nicest, his most affectionate and considerate, and somehow that was the worst of all. Tom, reassuring, cheerful, heroic, unselfish, assured his mother that he was going to spend Christmas with her. Nix, he didn't want to go to the Weeds'—there was plenty of time for him to be with the Weeds. After all mother had done for him he certainly wasn't going to throw her down!

Just before dinner he telephoned Frances Weed. Alice could not help overhearing some of the und[illegible]ned phrases that kept her private telephone wire busy for twenty-one minutes.

"Sure I told her; she's tickled to death," Tom said. "Sure she does. You can't get out of some things; you don't want to—you'd feel too rotten. You're in the same fix. Never mind, Fran, some day you and I'll fix it up our way!"

After all this it was hard to sit at dinner with the three children a little later and try to keep a normal pleasant conversation going. Tom was heroic and kindly. Miranda looked like the tragic Muse. Margery was absorbed in her own pleasant thoughts; she was getting her own way and she liked it.

"Have you ever been to Tahoe in winter, mom?"

"No, dear. And I don't think, when you stop to appreciate it, that you'll go," Alice said mildly.

Margery flushed in resentment. "Please don't talk that way, mom!" she said.

"They'll ask Pete," Tom said out of thought.

"Who'll ask Pete? Pete who?"

"I was thinking that the Weeds would ask Pete Wilson to go with them. He's crazy about Fran."

Alice's eyes rested sympathetically on her son.

"Ah, that'd be hard for you, Tom, wouldn't it?"

"Of course they'll only be gone until Sunday night," Tom said eagerly to this, by way of answer. "I mean—look: I could have lunch with you here Christmas Eve, go with them, and be back here late Sunday night."

"Why don't you *go*, Tom?" Miranda burst forth in nervous irritation. "You know you're dying to go! Mother and I'll have dinner here together. I'll be dead; I'll be doing those costumes all day. I won't be of the *slightest* use on Christmas Day, but I'll be here. Good heavens, it's eight o'clock!" Miranda added, rising. "Elisa'll be here in five minutes! We're going to that Canon Lutrell thing."

TREMBLING with the inner nervous rage that seemed so often and so inexplicably to possess her of late, she kissed her mother good-by and was gone. Margery also was excused; she was going to a movie with the Lennox boy.

"I'd be glad to know what's the matter with Miranda?" Alice asked Tom wearily, when they two were alone.

"Why, she's cockeyed in love with Huxley Witherspoon, the red-headed guy with the glasses—remember?" Tom answered lazily.

"But, Tom, he's only twenty-two and he hasn't a penny! What do you suppose he makes out of those ridiculous plays? Two hundred a year?"

Tom made no answer. Rosa at this point announced Miss Weed on the telephone, and Tom fled toward it as if some fearful danger menaced his sweetheart. Alice began to move her hand slowly to and fro against the damask again.

"Well, I think I'll get out," she said steadily, half aloud. "I'll leave them to their own devices this Christmas. That's the only thing to do."

But immediately her heart shrank away from this ultimatum. If Miranda really loved this odd boy who quoted Dunsany and spoke of the "ultimate iss-you," if Margery's honest little soul recoiled at the last moment from disobedience to the mother she had always loved, if Tom were truly bent upon his self-sacrifice—then wouldn't it be frightful to have the children come home and find no mother there?

She lay awake in the night, thinking about it, tears running down her cheeks in the dark. Morning came cold and gray and unrested, and there was no hope and no light. Three days to Christmas—two days to Christmas.

Margery went off first, entirely undisturbed by Alice's darkened eyes and strange silence. Tom, exuberant and affectionate and excited, packed his bag and departed on the eve of Christmas Eve. Miranda, coming down to breakfast on the morning before Christmas, lamented that the "damnable" costumes and scenery were simply nowhere.

"*We* can't open on the twenty-eighth!" Miranda said darkly. "I'll have to stay at the studio tonight," she added with an air of casualness. "We may have to work

all day tomorrow. Huxley was simply beside himself last night; everything's going wrong!"

"Could I help you, darling, if I came over at about noon with a thimble and a cold turkey?"

"Oh, mom dear, you'd just throw every one out!" Miranda said affectionately and appreciatively. "Huxley's in a terribly nervous condition anyway, and he's terrified of you. Any old person—I mean older person," Miranda corrected herself apologetically, "cramps our style. We're pretty free over at the studio!"

When they had all gone, Alice had a talk with Gertrude, her right-hand woman for seven years in managing the houses, and went upstairs to pack a bag. Just where she was going she had no idea. She telephoned the garage for her car; telephoned a ticket agency. Mexico, Hawaii, Canada—she was going somewhere, and was going alone!

She was about to leave the house when she saw Joan Cutter's forgotten Christmas present. Poor little Joan, once a maid in the house, would spend Christmas in a big tuberculosis ward of the City Hospital. "I might as well drive out that way and leave it myself and see the poor child," Alice thought.

"Gertrude," she said to her manager, "telephone Joan Cutter that I'm on my way out. And tell any one who's interested that the death of a relative has called me away. And if any of the children come back before I do—I'm such a coward I'll probably be here for lunch!—ask them to go to blazes, with a 'Merry Christmas' from mother!"

KATHLEEN NORRIS

was born in California and as a young woman engaged in newspaper work and social service in San Francisco. In 1909 she was married to the well known author Charles Gilman Norris and began writing short stories in 1910. Her first novel, Mother, was published in 1911 and since then she has written a great many others, several of which have been best sellers. She is probably America's most widely read and best loved woman novelist of her time.

SITTING beside Joan Cutter's bed, when Alice went into the ward half an hour later, was a square gray-headed man in a brown suit. A doctor, talking to Joan. A big man who stood up as Alice came up, and held out his hand.

Jervis!

"Alice—" he said.

They looked at each other. Joan talked in the gap that eighteen years had stretched between them.

"I kept Dr. Braintree, Mrs. Braintree, becuz the names are alike! I'll bet you you're cousins or something, come to find out!"

"We've met before," Alice said.

"I'm taking Dr. Robbins's cases today," the man said. "Miss Cutter here spoke to me yesterday of your name being like mine, and this morning she had just told me you were coming in."

After a while in which she said things without knowing what they were, and kissed Joan, and left the package, Alice was walking with Jervis through the big clean halls down to the street. A milky warm soft fog had smothered the city for Christmas Eve. Alice's car was parked outside the great brick hospital on Potrero Street. Quite suddenly every one was happy and noisy and excited, and the little shops opposite looked very gay, and it was Christmas Eve.

Jervis was going downtown to a club; Alice would drive him. They got into the car. It was then ten minutes to twelve. They talked, with his bulky form squared round to face her, and her gloved hand on the driving wheel, until ten minutes of three. They talked as thirsty animals drink.

"Driving your own car, Alix? You never knew how to drive."

"I've done lots of things I never thought I could do, Jervy."

"Collins no longer our chauffeur?"

"Collins! When dad died, and Uncle Sam died, and the money all went, Collins went too."

The fine serious face sobered; he looked shocked.

"I hadn't heard it, my dear. I've been in England."

"It was about a year after I threw you out."

"You didn't throw me out."

"We all did—mother, dad, Uncle Sam, I myself. Our money did, after you lost yours—the money helped throw you out. I told you you were lazy and stupid and couldn't pay for my maid. I was a pig!"

"Yes, but listen—listen. Even pigs have to eat! And you had the three young pigs too. What *were* you left?"

"Nothing but the house and some insurance. I opened a boarding house."

"Not you, Alix!"

"Indeed I did."

"You married again?"

A long look straight from her fine dark-blue eyes. Alice looked down at her hand on the wheel.

"We were never divorced, Jervis. There was never anything legal."

"I didn't know," he said humbly. "You're more beautiful than ever," he added, clearing his throat.

"I think," Alice said, laughing a sudden moisture from her lashes—"I think I've been waiting for a long time to have some one say that to me! Something here"—her left hand touched her breast—"something here melts up and floats away when you say that to me!"

"And the children have all grown away from you, have they?" He went back to it after a while.

"As I told you."

"But, Alix, that didn't surprise you, did it?"

"Surprise me? It stunned me. It killed me!"

"Why, but what did you *expect?*"

Her color rose; she shrugged.

"Perhaps I'm a fool," she conceded briefly. "I thought I could hold my children! I thought I was one of them."

"But—but look here. When you were young did you feel that your mother was just another girl?"

"Well, no; but—but then, that was different! Mother, when I was nineteen—when I married you—" Alice's voice dwindled away in bewilderment. "Mother was only forty when I married you," she said, struck. "But I always thought of her as old."

"Your kids think of *you* as old."

A long silence, her eyes on his.

"You make me afraid of life, Jervy," she said slowly.

"The only life you have to be afraid of is any life that isn't honest for you." The man formulated it unhesitatingly. "There's a lot left in your life, only it isn't theirs any more. Well, go on, finish. They're all going their own ways; they like persons you don't; they aren't much at home. So what? Where are you going now?"

"I feel so rested and—and established—and so much happier," Alice said, "that I think I'd like you to take me to lunch. You've not told me how long you've been a doctor, Jervy."

"About ten years. My diggings are in London. I've never made money, Alix, but I like my line. This year I'm going to be in Upsala for three months. It's all interesting."

"And what brings you here?"

"I'm here with Robbins; he's going to stay and do some tubercular work. I think I came hoping to see you."

ROBBINS had gone away for Christmas. His little cabin in Piedmont was at his associate's disposal. Late in the afternoon Alice and Jervis stopped in an Oakland market for food, ordered a turkey for the next day, and went over to take possession. Life was right again; life was thrilling again. Alice was happy.

When they reached the enchanting brown place that sprawled under oaks on the wooded slopes of the Tunnel Road, a fire was lighted and the Japanese boy was ready to take charge of their bundles. Alice and Jervis sat down before the blaze, and heard Christmas horns outside, and saw the soft fog pressing against the windows. And again they talked.

After a while the man found a leather hassock and

brought it to her knee, and her hand rested against the hair that was sown with gray.

"Alice, isn't this an adventure!"

"It makes the children's affairs seem so flat and raw and young!"

"Poor kids! They'll make their mistakes, too."

"Let's hope they aren't quite such hopeless fools as we were."

"Are the girls pretty?"

"So pretty and so smart that I'm beginning to have a heartache for keeping them away from you all this time, Jervy. How proud they'll be of their doctor father!"

"They may be able to tolerate me now. I'm afraid of kids and very respectful to 'em. But there were years, Alix, when I wasn't much of a credit to any one. You carried the load, and it's right that their affection and respect should go to you."

"Which it doesn't!" Alice said on a rueful laugh.

"Ah, well, they'll come back. Meanwhile you're lovelier than ever. It's home, being with you, Alix. Are we really going to have tonight here, my wife and I, like a second honeymoon?"

Her soft cheek drooped against his temple.

"Why not?" said the essence of her own voice. "Nobody can stop us, Jervy. It'll be better than the first honeymoon. Remember my father and mother taking me home in tears the next day because you beat me at tennis?"

"I remember that they and your grandmother took rooms next to ours at Del Monte and your mother telephoned to tell you what dress to wear to dinner!"

"They were all wrong; but it was because they loved me, or thought they loved me! Isn't it good," Alice said dreamily, his arm about her now and her head on his shoulder, "to think that we're grown up and free, and that all the love that really was there between us, and spoiled by youth and too much money and our interfering elders, is ours now?"

"It's one of those miracles that couldn't happen in youth; one isn't smart enough! It's a thousand times finer than anything we knew then, or could know then. You're an enchanting and beautiful woman, and I've learned some sense. Oh, Lord!" Jervis moaned. "That's seven o'clock striking, and I ought to clean up for dinner. Want first break at the bathroom?"

"Oh, Jervy, it's too strange to come back to it all, after so long!"

"Well," he said, dragging himself to his feet, "I'll go first, because all you need is a little powder on your nose anyway."

"Jervy," she said, "don't run away and leave me to wonder if it's all a dream!"

"I'll be back in fifteen minutes!" he said.

But before the time was up there was an interruption. In upon Alice, dreaming by the fire, came with a rush Tom, Miranda, Margery.

"You crook!" said Tom. "Have we had a time finding you! Gertrude only knew about the hospital, and Joan at the hospital only knew about Dr. Robbins. We telephoned Robbins in Santa Barbara, and he said you might be here! What's this about some Dr. Braintree? Mandy is betting it's our long-lost father! What are you up to, anyway?"

"Was it all a joke, your having engagements?" Alice asked, kissing them all—kissing the rather silent little Margery twice for good measure. "What are *you* doing here?"

They were all in chairs by the fire. Tom's story came first. Fran's uncle, the one with the money, had had a stroke, see?—so there wouldn't be any Christmas party. "They want me to come back tomorrow and see them through," Tom said, with the quiet manly air of the person whose high privilege it was to comfort Fran. "But I'll be back here for dinner if you want me."

Miranda's story was more sensational. She had been married to Huxley Witherspoon for five days, and that was why she had been acting so horridly!

"Lousily," Tom said simply here, in confirmation. And anxiously, tearfully, youthfully, Miranda laughed.

"Lousily," she echoed. "But you'll forgive me, mother, and Huxley's coming over tomorrow to explain, and I'm to go on working and we're to live in the studio. You're not cross, are you?"

"Cross, my darling? Why, I'll stand by you and my new son through thick and thin!" Alice said as her wet cheek touched her daughter's cheek.

WHEN Miranda and Tom had rushed out to get some things from the car, Margery spoke:

"You may as well know that Alan Ennsicoe never looked at me, mother. It was Jewel all along! I didn't know it until we were up there last night, and then I—I felt sort of sick, and Jewel and Jim took me over to the night train. I got home this morning just after you left, and I thought I would *die!* Gertrude was kind to me, but there wasn't any one in your room—

"Alan and Jewel are going to be married. She's terribly happy about it. And I think I'll write to Louise—she's always said she could get me a job in Honolulu—and go down there for a while. I—I *wanted* you so, and you were lost!" Margery sobbed, her arms about her mother. "Stay by me until I go away to Honolulu, mother. Don't throw me down!"

A few minutes later Alice went into the bedroom. It seemed oddly right and comfortable to be going into a man's room again, and to find him finishing his dressing, and to have him put his big arms about her and kiss her.

"What on earth was the racket out there? Some one to say 'Merry Christmas' to the Robbinses? I don't know any one over here."

"That was your children, doctor—our children."

His look of blank amaze made her laugh.

"How'd they get on to us!"

"Sleuthing about. And they intend to stay!"

Jervis's old whimsical look of dismay, his old gesture of rumpling his hair.

"But, hell, Alix," he said mildly, "they can't do that! I mean, they're probably wonders and all that, but I don't know 'em! This was going to be *our* party."

"I know," she said, flushing, laughing, rueful in sympathy. "But here they *are*, and what can we do? They're all agog at the idea of meeting their father. They'll be nice to you—"

"I don't want them to be nice to me," the man grumbled, holding her tight in his arms, brushing his lips against her temple. "I want you! Can't they manage their own affairs? Darn the children, anyway!"

Her cheek was against his. He heard her delicious broken laughter.

"Amen!" said Alice Braintree.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How did St. Nicholas become the Christmas saint?

2—When and where were Christmas cards first used?

3—Why are holly, mistletoe, and other evergreens used for Christmas decorations?

4—Who was St. Nicholas?

5—On what date was Christmas originally celebrated in the East?

6—When is St. Nicholas's Day celebrated by the Greeks?

7—Who is reported to have set up the first Christmas *crèche* in a church?

8—Is the "Christmas rose" a true rose?

9—What is the day after Christmas Day called in England?

10—What are some of the names by which the Christmas saint is known?

11—When was the Christmas tree introduced into England?

12—How is kissing under the mistletoe supposed to have originated?

13—What does Kris Kringle mean?

14—Where is a dead wren fastened on a holly bough and carried about at Christmas?

15—How long does the Christmas season last?

16—What is the origin of the word Christmas?

17—What does the Epiphany celebrate?

18—Where is the custom of putting a lighted candle in the window on Christmas Eve supposed to have originated?

19—On what ancient Roman holiday were revels held and gifts exchanged?

20—Where is there a post office at which all mail is postmarked "Santa Claus"?

(Answers will be found on page 24)

A New PARTY not a THIRD PARTY!

We've Had Enough of the Old Kind, Says This Hard-Hitting Challenge—20,000,000 Young Voters Are Ready to Fight!

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

by JAY FRANKLIN

IF a squadron of enemy airplanes were to drop bombs on New York, Chicago, or San Francisco, killing a few thousand innocent civilians and destroying a few million dollars' worth of property, you would see Congress demanding a war appropriation of five billion dollars just as an ante in the martial jack pot. A thrill of rage and horror would sweep the country from coast to coast; the most cooing of clergymen would demand the blood of our enemies *at any cost.* It would be war, and every one would understand it.

If a gang of Communists or foreign conspirators should blow up the Capitol, assassinate a couple of big bankers, and seize control of a few of our big cities, the governors of forty-eight states would call out the militia, the police would be equipped with machine guns and hand grenades, the army and navy would do their stuff, and within a week the entire country would be under martial law and the terrorists would face the firing squad, the electric chair, or the gallows. The country as a whole would rally to the flag and would snuff out the insurrection in a fortnight. It would be revolution and we would know how to deal with it.

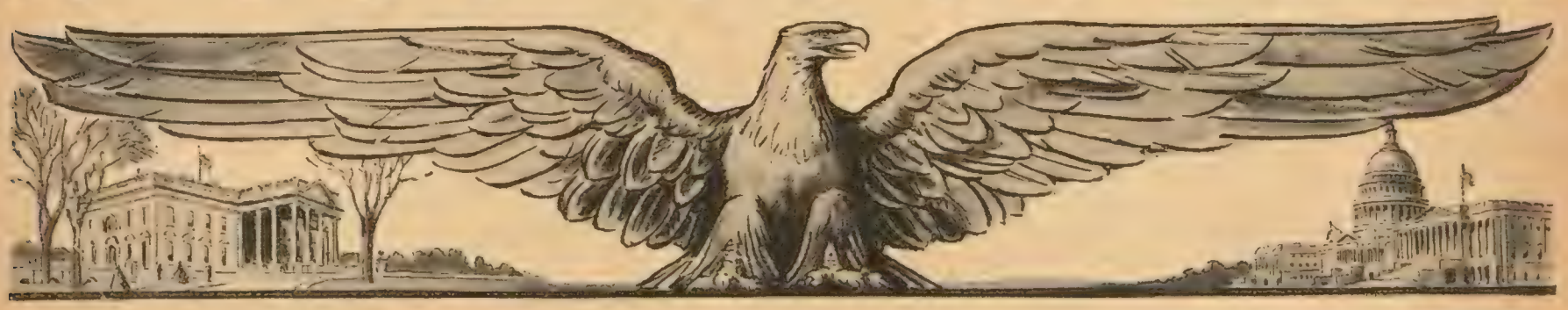
We are at war right now. We are going through a revolution at this very moment. Consider the facts: More Americans committed suicide during Herbert Hoover's administration than were slain by all the German armies in their encounters with the American troops. Big-league financial voodoo worship wiped out more market values than the entire cost of the World War to the United States government. Nearly two hundred billion dollars of American wealth was destroyed during the Hoover depression and the national income shrank to less than half before the American people hit back in the New Deal. We saw the unemployment figures creep upward from two million to five, six, eight, ten, and fourteen million, and then back to ten and eight. There are well informed men who assert that we will have to pay a dole for at least ten years to an average of ten million unemployed—a quarter of our working population.

We saw banks fail, businesses bankrupted, families evicted from homes and farms. We saw one third of all the farm lands of Louisiana go under the hammer for failure to pay taxes, and then we saw other farms plow under their crops and kill their pigs in an effort to save themselves from bankruptcy. We have seen millions of young men without a chance at jobs and millions of young women without hope of marriage. We have seen the birth rate drop ominously. We have seen society, despite the best leadership of the most popular President in our history, still unable to distribute the goods it is equipped to produce. We see one man out of five dependent on the government for his daily bread.

This is war. This is revolution. A successful revolution could not easily destroy more of our wealth than has disappeared since 1929. A foreign enemy could not more completely reduce our people to social despondency and racial retreat. And do you see people rushing around doing something about it? Do you see a national patriotic union of parties and politicians to adjourn partisanship for the duration of the depression? Do you see a national demand that the President summon a Council of Economic and Social Defense to combat this menace? You most emphatically do not!

You see politicians of both parties still doing business at the same old stand, playing patronage with relief money or denouncing "regimentation." You find the Republicans refusing to debate the issues with the Democrats. You find even the natural calamity of the great drought being used as a means to attack the very idea of attacking our problems boldly. You find Democrats grumbling because the President is helping New Deal Republicans in the Congressional elections and you find Tories in both parties putting their heads together to block New Deal legislation. And you find millions of people throughout the country who are about ready to vote for anything from nudism to technocracy, if only to get rid of our political thimbleriggers, piccolo players, and ballyhooers. You find that they still, after two years of the New Deal, have nowhere to go except to the Elephant and the Mule.

This is the greatest indictment that could possibly be made of our political system and the greatest menace to American institutions. The political machines in the



states, cities, and precincts are still boss-ridden "regimented" hordes of balloteers who deliver the votes and strangle independence. In a pinch, Republican and Democratic machines work together to head off any liberal movement which threatens to beat their racket.

The right of political association and the power of political action should be free as air in a democracy like ours; but if you think it is, try to file an independent ticket in a state election, try to get third-party Presidential electors on the ballots, try to register and vote independently of the machine! And the Old Guard is still in the saddle where political machinery is concerned.

For in this war which we are fighting—a war in which ordinary men, women, and children are the victims—our old political parties are like the small out-of-date pig-headed regular armies that start wars which they cannot finish and in which they have to be saved by the volunteer efforts of the despised civil population. Not a third party is needed. The two old ones are bad enough. What we need is a new party—a New Deal Party, to be precise.

Every major country since the war has discovered this fact, and in every country the regular politicians have revealed themselves as the enemies of real political reform. Italy writhed along under the pussy-footing, orating, and head-counting politicians of the old type until Mussolini summoned the courage and the will to seize power through the Fascisti in the name of the nation. The Russian Communists have many sins to answer for and have made many horrible mistakes at the expense of the Russian people; but their extraordinary grip upon the Russian nation is due to the fact that they are thinking not in terms of what is best for a single section of Russia or for a single Russian class but of what is best for the Russian workers as a whole. Their ideas may not be worth much outside the Soviet Union, but they are pretty hot stuff inside its borders.

In Germany, despite all the world-wide condemnation of Nazi activities and the international fear of the tremendous power of German organization, Hitler has built up a personal power and a following of millions in the name of Germany and of Germany's real interests. Adolf Hitler is no doubt anathema to many people, but he has shown that it is possible today, in less than three years, to strike for national power and to stake the fate of nations on the strength of the national ideal.

Even in England, soaked in conservatism and proud of her tradition of parliamentary self-government, within the last three years all party ties have been thrown overboard, old political customs have been scrapped ruthlessly, and the country given a strong and united government, through the courage of one man—Ramsay MacDonald—who dared to break with his own party and to face the taunts of his own friends in order to do what he thought would help the country.

Does this remind you of anything in the White House or in Congress during the last two years of Hoover? It does not. Does it remind you of anything in the first two years of Roosevelt? Not enough.

Here you have a country in which politics has become so much a matter of the machine that half of our electorate doesn't bother to vote at all. Here you have over twenty million young men and women who have come of voting age since the World War and who have not been absorbed into the old political parties. Here you have a country where for generations our best men have not gone into politics but into business, and have treated politics as something which could be bought for a campaign contribution, and have left our political offices and political machinery in the control of third-, fourth-, and tenth-rate men who pass the buck and spend the public money at a rate which is using up nearly a third of the national income.

We pay more for politics than any other nation, and we still have one of the most inefficient of political systems. And now we are struggling through a ghastly depression with strikes, confusion, and tremendous un-

All these young voters need is a chance to act, and if

employment. And the only people in the field who have clear-cut plans are the handful of New Dealers in both parties who follow Roosevelt. This is more than war; it is revolution. It is war without a censorship and revolution without a victim.

If the political parties don't stop regarding themselves as means of supplying the right people with jobs at public expense, nobody who has studied the history of Rome under the later Cæsars, of France under the Bourbons, or of Russia under the Czars would give two sniffs at a lamp-post for the future of our political institutions. And if somebody doesn't beat the Communists or the Socialists to the draw we are apt to suffer the tortures of having a government of pig-headed theorists trying to apply Russian or German-Jewish notions of political reform to the American people. And if anybody is fool enough to try to head them off with Italian Fascist or German Nazi methods, it will be much worse. Whatever change comes must come from Americans and be worked out in terms of American ideas and ways of doing things. And it can't be done through a third party.

It must be done through a new party—and that is precisely what is happening. Every time we have tried to start a third party quickly we have made a mess of it. Somebody has tried to create a nation-wide political organization inside a few months. It can't be done. Ask the La Follettes; ask anybody who went through the Roosevelt Bull Moose campaign of 1912. But for two years a New Deal Party movement has been developing very quietly and thoroughly, along nation-wide lines,

which will either supplant or capture one or the other of the two worn-out political parties.

There is no particular man behind this movement, except that President Roosevelt is the only national leader who could give it a strong push forward. It is the party of young men and women, the 20,000,000 who have come of voting age in the postwar world and who are tired of seeing horse-and-buggy politicians taking a rake-off from a streamlined civilization. They are the men who turned to Bob La Follette in Wisconsin, who backed LaGuardia in New York, who are burning up the prairies in the Dakotas, who supported Upton Sinclair in California, who gave a twenty-nine-year-old boy the Democratic nomination in West Virginia in preference to the distinguished former chairman of the Democratic National Committee. They are the men who, despite his blatant methods, support Huey Long against the Old Guard in Louisiana.

They are the men who voted for a New Deal rather than for a Democratic administration in 1932 and who will back Roosevelt because he is a New Dealer and will stop supporting him if he doesn't keep up with them.

the old parties don't give it to them, a new party will.

These men are liberal in their views but patient and practical in their methods. They are preparing to make their real fight in 1936 or 1940 for a fundamental solution of the national problems involved in unemployment, debt, impossible taxes and unblushing political graft, inefficiency and extravagance. They are the greatest single undeveloped opportunity in American politics today, and they can make or unmake Presidents almost in the twinkling of an eye.

They are Americans and will have no more patience with Fascism than with Communism. All they need is a chance to act, and if the old parties don't give it to them, a new party will.

Three times in our history a new national party has broken through the fetters of petty politics and has reshaped our national destinies. Jefferson did it when he broke the power of the Federalists under Hamilton and created the original Democratic Party. Andrew Jackson did it when he moved his storm troops of frontiersmen into the Democratic camp, captured the party, and brought to an end two generations of government by the privileged and wealthy classes of the East. The Republicans did it when, in the ten years which followed the pussy-footing "Compromise of 1850" and the "practical politics" of the day, they fought their way up to national power on the issue of slavery. It has been done, and it can be done again.

The New Deal Party movement is working steadily throughout the entire nation. It is working in the South just as in the North; in the West, on the prairies, in the Rockies and out on the Coast, just as in the Middle West, the East, and in New England. Witness the results of the Congressional elections! Americans manage to have their revolutions without guillotines or firing squads, but political figureheads are rolled in the dust and stuffed-shirts are crumpled up just as effectively without bloodshed as with it.

The New Party, in fact, is being forced on the nation from below, not imposed on it from on top. Its leaders are the natural leaders who have shown that they are not owned body and soul by a political boss or a big corporation; but the drive behind the movement comes from the people themselves and not from its leaders. Roosevelt has been the expression and the captive of this movement ever since several million Progressive Republicans, Socialists, and Independents voted for him in 1932. If he loses their support the Democratic Party goes back among the moth balls. If he keeps it, the Democratic Party will have to change itself to accommodate a new crew or be elbowed aside to make room for a brand-new trade name.

It's a big job and a big opportunity—the biggest we shall ever see for making America a good place to live in. The New Deal Party draws no dead line on age or experience, but appeals with most force to the younger men and women of this country who will soon be carried forward by the death rate toward the positions now held by old and unteachable men who regard flag-flapping and Constitution-mongering as a substitute for bread and butter.

And it's no job for a slacker.

The people who form this party have discounted the price of failure and think that it is worth doing on any terms.

For America is at war today, not against a foreign foe, but to save two hundred and fifty years of progress and science from the consequences of human stupidity and from hardening of the political arteries. We are faced with a revolution which is striking at the rank and file of common men, and at their wives and children, which is condemning millions to the dole and is producing confusion and misery amidst the greatest abundance of physical wealth the world has ever known.

The New Deal Party is organizing itself to fight this war and to put down this revolution. A lot of ordinary people have started something new and are finding their own leaders to replace the crooks, spellbinders, and stuffed-shirts who turned the world's wealthiest and most energetic nation into an economic madhouse. For the old American spirit has broken free at last, and the people are discovering that there's no need to wait for somebody else to do something about it. With individual initiative and team play, we can handle this job ourselves.

THE END

Name YOUR

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 49 SECONDS

RICHARD AINLEE is the young, steely-eyed junior partner in the banking house of Tolman-Granger & Co. He dominates the elderly president, Tolman, and calmly vetoes the latter's meek suggestion that an extension of the mortgage which Paula Hartley begs be granted on Hartley Hall, her father's country estate.

Blind to the human side of the girl's pleas, Richard can only see that her promise to pay from her winnings in the Mantico Hunt Cup race which she is confident her beloved mare Scatter Gold will win would not be sound banking collateral.

However, two points impress themselves on Ainlee's coldly calculating mind. One is Paula's rare beauty; the other, the fact that his poverty-stricken boyhood was spent in the shadows of Hartley Hall, and Paula's father, Major Hartley, had wrecked his own now dead father's political career. He goes to Meredith and bids in the mansion at the foreclosure sale.

He also bids in Scatter Gold, and Paula tries to kill both herself and the mare by dashing at a too high jump over a stone wall. Neither is injured.

The Hartleys and the major's sister, Sylvia Marsden, move into an old house near by. Richard retains the Hall's servant staff, including Dan Carrick, the groom, and Saunders, the butler. Then he meets Margie Windle, who trained Scatter Gold. Meantime John Barron commissions Margie to find Paula another horse to win the cup. He also shows an unusual interest in Margie's adopted boy, Tommy. Before returning to his pressing financial affairs in the city, Richard wants to put the Hall in order. He rides Scatter Gold to the Hartleys' new home, and calmly informs Sylvia Marsden in the garden there that he desires to give the mare back to Paula. He adds with quiet assurance that he will later marry the girl and put her back in the Hall. Sylvia laughs at his matrimonial methods, as cold-blooded as his banking, but calls Paula out to decide for herself.

" And another five thousand the same way, if you please," said Ainlee.

Memories of Murder and the Thrill of a Secret Kiss—Now Comes New, Tense Drama in a Novel of Hearts and Riches

by MAX BRAND

PRICE

PART THREE—"YOU HAVEN'T GONE ALL THE WAY TO HELL"

OUT of hunting clothes, Paula Hartley looked taller and older. She was more beautiful here than in the city. The gold of her hair cheered Ainlee suddenly like the warmth of a good fire on a cold day; but above all there was about her a delicate beauty of life. She was wearing daffodil colors—a skirt of soft green wool and a yellow sweater.

" Scatter Gold! " she cried. The name came out with a laugh and a ring to the sound of it. She ran down the steps and along the brick path.

Said Paula, " Scatter Gold, do you know me, beautiful? Good morning, Mr. Ainlee."

Scatter Gold was already whinnying as if feeding time had come. Paula had her arms around the shining neck.

" Two high-headed devils, they ought to love each other," said Sylvia. " But you ought to notice something besides the mare, Paula. Richard has mastered that treacherous wildcat in half a day. And now he's bringing you Scatter Gold as a gift."

" A gift? " said the girl, whirling about, staring.

IN her eyes Ainlee saw that strangeness with which we look at those we hate.

" I'm only a stranger with Scatter Gold," he said, " but I see that she must go back to you."

" I can't," said the girl. " Of *course* I can't take back a ten-thousand-dollar horse." She shook her head and managed a rather thin smile.

A light delivery truck drew up at the foot of the path and a burly gray-headed man climbed down from it. He went past the three of them with a grim face.

" You want to see my father, Mr. Loftus? " said the girl. " I'll find him for you. Excuse me a moment, Mr. Ainlee."

She went hurrying up the path with the stranger while Sylvia Marsden said, " That was a miss, eh? "

" A complete miss," said Ainlee. " Had I better go home? "

" Home to the guest room? " asked Sylvia Marsden. " I wish you could tell me about that. You see, we have word of everything that happens at the Hall, and when she found out that you had taken a guest room Paula was bewildered. She kept holding her head in her hands and saying: 'Why did he do that? ' You don't feel like a guest up there, do you? "

" Yes—of ghosts, or something," answered Ainlee.

" That's a rather nice thing to say," said Sylvia Marsden.

At this point a loud voice burst out inside the house, exclaiming, " I been put off and put off and I won't be put off no more! You owe me nine hundred dollars on an honest grocery bill, Major Hartley, and if I don't get my money before the week's out, I'm going to clap an attachment on this house and every stick of furniture inside of it. There's gotta be an end of poor men beaten out of their rights and rich men walking on their faces. I been walked on enough."

The voice was so loud that Ainlee could not pretend it was unheard. " I'm sorry," he said.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

"You shouldn't be," she answered. "Old families are always breaking up. Why should you look pale and sick, Richard?"

"I knew a lot of poverty," he said. "The first of the month is the worst thing that I can remember. Just now—well, besides finding a mistress for the Hall, I'd like to help out."

"Of course you would," said Sylvia Marsden. "There's just a bit of spring and a bit of Paula in your blood." The front door of the house slammed and Mr. Loftus came striding down the path, banging his heels hard upon the bricks. He got into his delivery wagon and went roaring off.

"I'll go along," said Ainlee. But at this moment the major appeared on the porch.

He called out, "Hello, Ainlee! What's this I hear about the riding of Scatter Gold? Very fine! Very fine! But a damned poor way to train a horse for a race. Come in, will you?"

Sylvia Marsden started back to her gardening, saying, "I'll see you before you go, Richard. We couldn't help hearing Loftus roar, Raymond, while we were out here."

"That Loftus," said the major, looking down and flexing his knees against the tightness of his riding breeches —"that Loftus has the smallness of imagination that usually makes the success of the small business man. Like so many busy little squirrels that may dig their homes under the faces of a great dam. Very prosperous little devils, till one year the dam breaks. You see what I mean, Ainlee? But, speaking of dams, I have in mind a project that will appeal to a fellow with your grasp of mind. You hear that water in the valley?"

"I do," said Ainlee. "It's a pleasant sound, isn't it?"

"Very! Out of that pleasure, as I was about to fall to sleep the other night, a sudden idea startled me. Why not a dam across the narrows of the valley?"

"For what purpose?" asked Ainlee.

"WHAT purpose? My dear fellow, water power! Here it is in our own hollow, going to waste. I sat up there in bed and laughed. And here I run into you," went on the major happily, "a fellow of mental and financial resources. What could be better? We can make a partnership, Ainlee. We'll dam the creek. We'll light the town of Meredith with our power."

"The town is probably served under a long contract by a power company," said Ainlee.

"So? Well, factories can use our electricity."

"There aren't any factories near by, are there?"

"They'll be built," said the major enthusiastically. "Capital always flows in where power can be supplied cheaply."

"But now that I come to think of it," said Ainlee gravely, "I remember that this creek runs dry in the summer, or almost dry; and in the winter it's frozen."

"Ha!" said the major. "True! I hadn't thought of that. Well, where one idea fails, another will succeed. That's right, isn't it? In business above all?"

"I don't doubt," said Ainlee, "that there are a good many things that could be done to exploit the country around here. In fact, we might establish a sort of partnership together."

"Now, I take that as a compliment," said the major. "You recognize some sort of unused business talent in me?"

"Exactly," said Ainlee. "You know the possibilities of this country well, and I could raise cash—to a certain limit."

"My dear boy, you give me new life! You really do!"

"Which leads me back to another thing. A man with your imaginative grip of affairs should not have to be annoyed by any fellow like Loftus. In view of that partnership we're talking about, why shouldn't I advance a bit of cash to make things easier for you, major?"

"HA!" said the major. "My dear Ainlee, I hope you understand that I couldn't—"

"In view of our partnership," said Ainlee, "when you come to think of the possibilities of exploitation—five thousand, say, would be a small advance against our common interest, don't you think?"

The major had grown a little red. He looked down at the ground, murmuring, "I'm not a business man. Do you think it would be in order?"

"Of course it would," said Ainlee.

"This is really friendly," declared the major heartily.

Ainlee sat down and wrote his check on his knee. He tore out the check and was handing it to the major when the front door opened and Paula appeared again, smiling. The smile went out when she saw that little telltale slip of paper.

"Father, you're not taking money from Mr. Ainlee, are you?" she asked.

"Taking money!" exclaimed the major. "Great heavens, my dear girl, what do you think I am? This is simply an advance against our partnership."

"Partnership?"

"Ah-ha!" said the major. "I've always told you that I have a business instinct—a sort of buried instinct. You and Sylvia have laughed at me, but a thoroughly sound fellow like Ainlee, here, was able to see at once that I have salable ideas. Perfect elements for a partnership, I should say! Ainlee, a thousand times obliged to you. I have a bit of work to get through. I'll be seeing you soon. We'll have another talk. Water power, I dare say, is the key to the future."

He laughed with triumph as he disappeared into the house.

She said slowly, "Why have you shamed us? I'd rather —I'd rather have him a beggar on the street."

"Pain is no good for any one," said Ainlee. "Why should he be tormented?"

She closed her eyes as she said, "You were trying to be kind, I suppose. But I wish—"

She fumbled blindly, pulled the door open, and drew herself outside with a weary effort.

He went down the walk with irregular, dragging steps.

"That was a sad finish, Richard," said the big voice of Sylvia Marsden. She had her spade over her shoulder as she marched beside him down the path.

"The fact is that I blundered," he told her.

"And now you give up?"

"No. I look around to find a new starting point."

"Good boy!"

"Do you want me to win?" he asked.

"How much does winning mean to you?" she countered.

"I don't know," he answered frankly.

"You let me know when you find out," said Sylvia Marsden. "Are you going to run Scatter Gold in the Hunt Cup in spite of Troubadour?"

"That's Barron's new horse?"

"He's mortgaged his soul to buy Troubadour."

"Well, I'll have Scatter Gold run," said Ainlee.

"Good boy!" said Sylvia Marsden. "There's no shame in running second."

"No, not in a horse race," he answered.

He went off so preoccupied that he hardly noticed how Scatter Gold flung up her heels before she cantered quietly away with him. He came up the slope to the stable to find Carrick there with Margie Windle and three horses. He would have said that there was no human being he could have seen with pleasure, but he was strangely relieved to see Margie. She was like Sylvia Marsden with a delightful difference.

"I'm glad you came over with horses," he said; "but I have only a few minutes to see them. I have to get back to New York."

She dusted the ashes from her cigarette as she looked him over. She was not very big but her bearing made her look tall; she always seemed about to rouse herself to face a crisis. Now she looked him between the eyes as though she were reading print.

"I can leave them as long as you want," she said, and still her eyes kept reading as though something were written on his face.

"Carrick, what chance has the mare in the Hunt Cup?" he asked.

"Not the chance of a ghost," said the groom, "if she's kept jogging around the countryside. We're only two days from the Hunt Cup."

"Get her as fit as you can. How good is that Troubadour?"

"Well—" said Carrick, and then glanced rather helplessly at the girl.

"My money goes on him," she said. "He ought to give Scatter Gold twenty pounds and a licking. Even the Hartleys are betting on Troubadour."

"Are they?" murmured Ainlee. "Listen to me, Carrick. If you win the cup I'll make you remember the day the rest of your life."

He turned toward the horses the girl had brought. "I'd like to try the gray for a minute."

It was not the gray that Ainlee wanted to try, but he wanted to get an uneasy sense of defeat out of his mind and perhaps the breezy conversation of the girl would help him.

"Take a jog down the road with me and you can catch him if he throws me on my head," he said.

She nodded and they went off together, the horses clicking along cheerfully side by side. They tried a canter that took them off the lands of Hartley Hall, across the highway, and then down a dirt road that wound through a close bordering of trees. It was so little used that grass grew in the center of it.

"THE bridge has been condemned—or ought to be condemned," said Margie Windle. "That's why nobody uses the road; and Charlie's Tavern is going to the dogs."

"That's the place where they had the murder, isn't it?" asked Ainlee.

"You remember that? It was a good murder, too," said the girl.

They came to the old humpbacked wooden bridge that spanned Tyndal Creek.

"I like to come over here into no man's land," said the girl. "There's ten square miles of forgotten country over yonder. Shall we cross?"

He thought of New York and then shrugged the thought away. That phrase, "forgotten country," drew him on. "Let's go over," he said.

The bridge sounded like a drum under the hoofs of the horses and there was a slight but uneasy sidelong wavering of the whole structure.

"It'll go down the creek one day," said the girl.

The road beyond turned two or three leisurely bends before they came in view of Charlie's Tavern. Half a furlong from it, rain slanted suddenly into their faces, bringing on a false twilight.

"We'll duck in here till the rain stops!" shouted the girl, and swung her bay into the yard behind the inn.

The stable door was wide. They rode straight in and dismounted, with the rain rolling like distant drums overhead. The barn was almost dark.

"ARE you wet?" asked Ainlee.

She looked down at herself and laughed. The water spilled from the curling brim of her hat. "Am I wet!" she said. "Am I a duck?"

He smiled. Something about her pleased him too much for laughter.

A fat man came through the back door of the house.

"Hey, what are you doing?" he shouted. "Come on in here. I got a fire for you."

"Coming, Tubby!" called the girl.

They tethered the horses in open stalls, pulled down a bit of hay into the mangers, and then bolted for the tavern. Through the kitchen door they entered. The linoleum was worn to gray rags in front of the stove and the sink. A frying pan with a gray sheet of grease in the bottom of it lay at the back of the big range. Tubby, panting with hospitality and mental effort, beckoned them on through the gloom of the long dining room and into the front of the house, where a wood fire welcomed them on a broad low hearth. Tubby took their coats, heavy with rain, to hang near the kitchen fire.

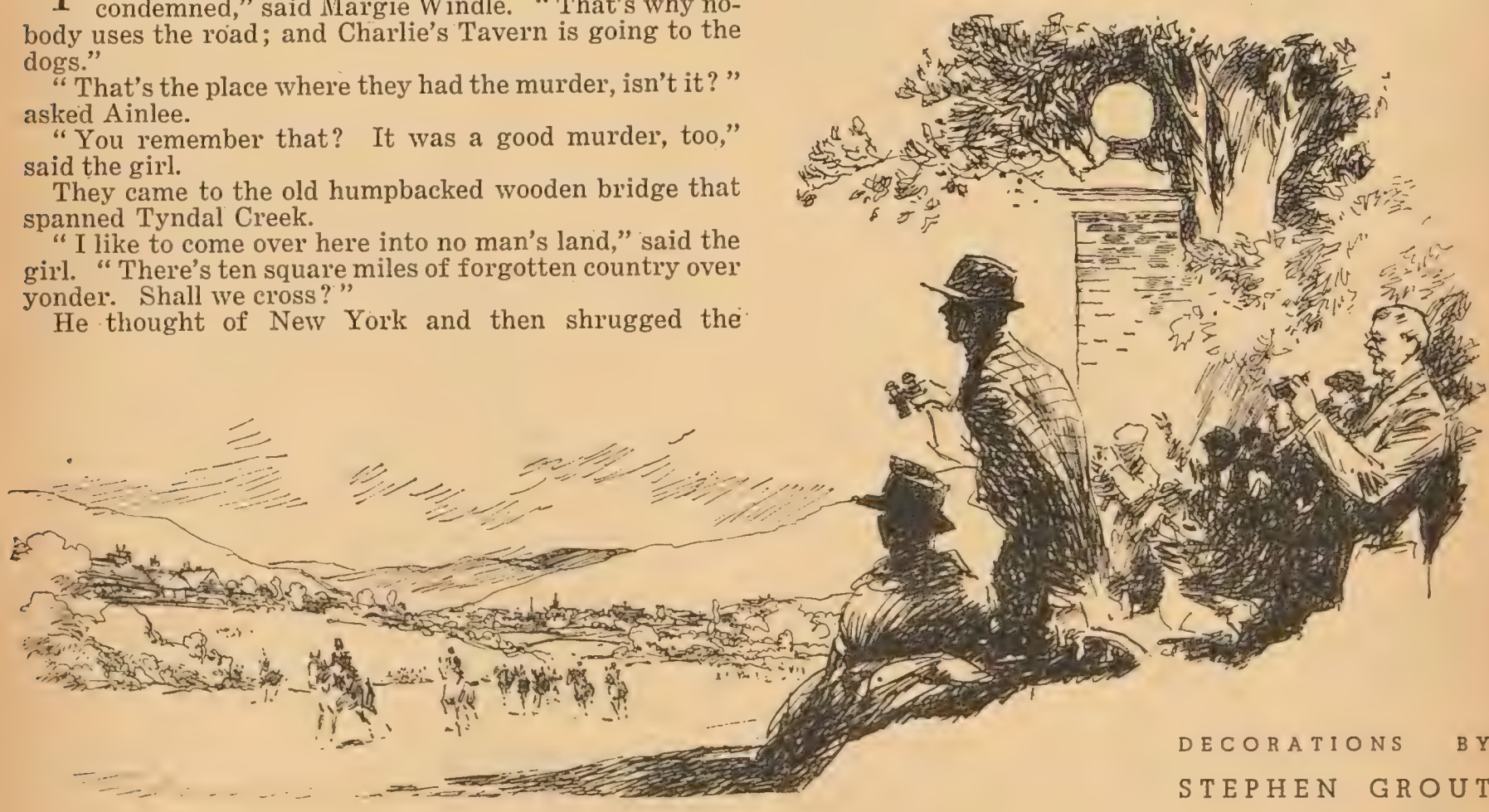
"Cheese and bread and beer?" suggested Tubby hopefully.

"Well?" asked Ainlee.

Margie Windle was sunning the wet part of her breeches at the fire. She smiled at him over her shoulder and held out her hands to the heat. He saw, with a strange shock, that her hands were not big but astonishingly like those of Paula Hartley.

This and her silence made him say abruptly, "Well, we'll try the cheese and bread and beer."

Tubby went out of the room in haste. Ainlee could



DECORATIONS BY
STEPHEN GROUT

see his loose flesh flopping up and down and hear his breathing.

"Tubby's going to drop dead one day," he said.

"That's a lucky way for murderers to die," she remarked.

"Murderer?"

"Don't you remember—when you were a youngster? Ask Tubby. He likes to tell about it."

She kept her hands spread to the flames, sagging her knees so that she was rocking back and forth a trifle.

"I ought to get back to New York," he said anxiously. "I'll telephone for the car."

"No telephone in this dump," said Margie Windle.

A tension loosened at once through his body; a weight shifted from his brain. While all Wall Street might rage like a sea, he was snugged away.

He got up and stood beside the girl. She turned her head and smiled at him in a leisurely way, without consciousness of his answering eyes. The silence endured for a considerable period, but there was no stress or embarrassment. A mutual rhythm of the blood seemed to fill the quiet.

Tubby came in with bread and butter and cheese and steins of foaming beer.

"Tell me about the big trouble here, years ago," Ainlee said to the host.

"You mean that night?" said Tubby. He wiped his mouth with his dirty hand. He laughed a little behind the hand. "It was a long time ago," he said. "Charlie was still alive. I was working here. And in the middle of the night I saw Charlie's young wife standing in her nightgown with a lamp in her hand. She kept holding the lamp up higher so's she could look better into his face. That was how I seen it was Grover Bentley.

"He was a foreign-dressing sort of a fellow. He had a farm that's part of the Gregory place now. He always had on leather puttees that was shined up. He smoked cigars. He was around Charlie's Tavern, here, a lot. Not so much in the bar but where Nora might be milking the cows or tending the milk pans in the dairy, yonder.

"I come in late that night, with my shoes in my hands, straining my breath through my teeth for fear I would be heard. Then I seen Nora talking to Grover Bentley. The old man was snoring in the bedroom behind her and she was crying.

"'Why would you be coming this way, at night?' she keeps saying. I was only a kid. I was sort of scared. Then Grover Bentley kissed her and the lamp wabbled and almost went out. When the flame stopped squattering, I seen Nora leaning against the door kind of crying with her mouth open. But she didn't make no sound.

"I started backing up into the kitchen door. I was scared. And then Nora blew out the lamp. There was moonlight slanting into the room. It showed me Nora opening the door. The snoring of Charlie come out big and closed away again. But I didn't see Grover Bentley coming towards me till he pretty near bumped into me. I jumped and grunted.

"HE said I was a damned spy. There was a butcher knife and a cleaver lying on the kitchen table, because I'd slaughtered a calf that day and I'd been breaking up the soup bones.

"Well, I saw him pick up the butcher knife. The moonlight was right on it. Jiminy, was I scared! He took a jump for me and I grabbed up the cleaver and hit out with all my might. It was like hitting a chunk of wood along the grain—just that easy. His head split. He bumped on the floor. I tried to pull the cleaver out, but it was stuck. Then I ran and began to holler. They found him like that, with the butcher knife still in his hand. That was what saved me at the trial!"

He turned and waddled from the room.

"They found the butcher knife in the hand of Grover Bentley, all right," said the girl. "But it looked as though the cleaver had been used on him from behind."

"Murder?"

"Sure it was murder."

She faced the fire, rubbed down the damp of her trousers, and shook them into bags again. She turned to Ainlee. With that high carriage of hers, at every move of the head she seemed about to speak, but she smiled instead.

Ainlee said, "You smile. Is there a joke somewhere?"

"Smiling is the way when you're happy," she answered. "Just now I was thinking of something. I was five years old and a rig went up the road with a man and a boy in it. 'That's Dick Ainlee, the lawyer. He's a big man around here,' said my daddy. 'But look at the long fighting jaw on that son of his.' What did you come down to Meredith to fight about this time?"

"I don't know exactly what you mean."

"You buy Hartley Hall. That's all right. But then you buy Scatter Gold, and that's queer. Because you're not a horseman. After you buy Scatter Gold, you risk your neck until you can ride her. That's the queerest thing of all. What is it you want?"

"I want to sun myself at this fire and drink beer with Margie Windle," he said.

"You've dropped into a pretty deep sea of something, haven't you?"

He considered for another moment before he answered: "Yes, I dropped into a pretty deep sea. But I can swim."

"YES. You're used to trouble. You've got the mark between the eyes. But look at me. There's no mark on *me*. I have Tommy, so I don't give a rap."

"Tommy's the real stuff," said Ainlee.

"Isn't he! He wants to see you again— Look—do you want me to stop talking? I wasn't raised with any manners. Do you want me to stop?"

"You're a great girl!" said Ainlee. "I like to hear you talk. But I'd better get out of here."

"It's still raining."

"If I don't leave at once, I'll make a fool of myself."

She laughed and the husky music of her voice blew through him. He took her in his arms.

"Why do you do that when you don't mean it?" she asked.

"I do mean it."

"No. I wish you did, but you don't. You're thinking of some one else and I just happen to be handy. Who is it, Richard?"

"Why, no one," said he.

"Be honest. Is it Paula Hartley? Hartley Hall—Scatter Gold—are they just pointing the way to Paula? Of course it must be Paula."

She put her hands up against his face.

"On the rebound a fellow can travel pretty far—all the way from Paula to this, eh?" she demanded.

He leaned and kissed her mouth.

"Quit it, will you?" she demanded.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"You'll be sorrier later on, if you start thinking."

"I know I shall," he said.

"Well, don't start thinking, then."

He held her a little more closely.

"I don't mind," she said. "I'm so dizzy that I don't even mind being a consolation prize."

He saw the loom of Tubby slinking away through a shadowy corner of the room. He loosed the girl and went after the host in long strides and gripped the fat of his shoulder. Tubby began to pant and shrink.

"There's been a murder in Charlie's Tavern already," said Ainlee. "Mind you, if a whisper about Miss Windle gets into the air, there's going to be another killing here. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," whispered Tubby. "I beg your pardon, sir. I was just comin' through—"

Ainlee went slowly back toward the girl with his head bowed.

"That was pretty good," she told him. "It makes me feel a lot cleaner."

She sank down at the table and took a swallow of beer.

"Put your chin up, Richard," she advised. "You haven't gone all the way to hell."

He lighted a cigarette and blew the smoke at the floor.

"Here's the real thing for you to know. If you carry on like this a little longer I'm going to be pretty badly sunk. The old heart has commenced aching. Do something to bring me out of it, will you? Tell me about Paula!"

"No," he said.

"How I would have hated you if you had!" She began to laugh again.

"Will you stop that, please?" he asked. "I'm trying to think, but thinking doesn't seem to work."

"No?" she said.

"I've been a cad, Margie," he said. "That's the only thing that stands out clearly about this."

"Why, Richard, you've kissed a girl, and what of it? Now you can say good-by; and we'll wash our faces nice and clean to show the world—and ah, God, what a lonely gal I'll be!"

That evening Ainlee was telephoning to A. E. Tolman to say, "There's been an accident down here, A. E., and I'm delayed."

"Why, take your time, take your time!" said Tolman. "Don't let business come between you and pleasure. Of course, Webster and Marvin are hanging on fishhooks and I'm going crazy, but don't let that trouble you."

"Sorry, A. E.," said Ainlee. "After the race I'll come back as fast as an airplane can take me."

"Race? What race?"

"Look in the papers, A. E. On the sporting page. The Mantico Hunt Cup."

"There was a woman—and now there's a horse race."

"The horse race is part of the job of cornering the lady," said Ainlee.

AINLEE, on the day of the race, was not thinking of the silver cup on which his name might be inscribed before that day was over. He was considering the running of the Mantico Hunt Cup as another move in his game. If Scatter Gold won, the time would have come when he could say to the girl: "Why not take back what you have lost? You should be the mistress of Hartley Hall!"

He felt a composed pleasure. If the girl had been Margie Windle instead of Paula, there would have been a distinct joy, a rather giddy lifting of the heart. But of course a Margie Windle would not do in Hartley Hall. It was pleasant to be with her. And there an end.

The Mantico Hunt Cup was run around the bottom of a huge natural theater and hundreds of thousands could have found place on the slopes that rose above the flat. The jumps were mainly timber—big solid fences that could have stopped the charge of an elephant.

Thompson's Creek, twisting over the course, gave a pair of natural water hazards to each round of the race. There were a few hedges and some stone walls.

Ainlee, on purpose, came late. He timed his arrival so exactly that the horses were in the paddock by the time he got there, with some thousands of people about. He heard half a dozen voices call him "the new man," and one fellow bawled out something in an angry tone about "the son of a drunken father." Because he heard this last comment, Ainlee was smiling pleasantly as he came into the paddock. The majority of attention

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there went to a big-boned gray. That would be the famous Troubadour, of course; but all that he could see was the golden flash of the sun on Scatter Gold. All the horses were being led about. When the mare saw him she stopped and turned her head. He went up and rubbed the soft of her nose.

He said to Carrick, "You are going to win, Carrick."

That broad and ugly face twisted.

"I'll win or cut the heart out of her! They've made it one to two on Troubadour!"

"No, don't cut the heart out of her. But win," said Ainlee.

"Yes, sir," said Carrick, with a queer touch of awe in his voice.

"Have you any plans for riding the race?"

"I'll lay behind. That's the way Scatter Gold always runs. She lays behind and then she comes like a flash. She's got a nice half mile tucked away under her ribs somewhere. So she makes a pretty finish."

"Who's the rider on Troubadour?"

"Only Charlie Chester. That's all!" said Carrick, with a savage sneer of too much knowledge.

"Does this Chester fellow know Scatter Gold?"

"Like a book. He knows everything."

"What would he think if she went out and flashed her fast half mile at the beginning of the race?"

"He'd think I was drunk."

"What would he do?"

"He wouldn't do nothing. He'd just lay back and laugh himself to death. That's all."

"Let him lie back and laugh himself to death, then," said Ainlee. "You use the nice half-mile flash of speed in the mare early in the race."

Carrick stared and flushed.

"If I'm beaten that way, I've gotta leave the country."

"You won't have to leave the country. You'll win, Carrick," said Ainlee. Then he turned on his heel and left the paddock.

"I've got plenty of money left," he heard the big voice of John Barron saying. There was quite a group of the gentry, and particularly the three Hartleys, about Barron, as he repeated, "I'd like to have an ocean of it to bet on Troubadour. At evens against the field. Hundred-per-cent return for a half-hour risk; that's what I call business!"

THE roughness of a tweed coat gave an extra bulk to his shoulders, but the bigness of his head was never dwarfed. Ainlee looked from the giant to the smiling face of slender Paula Hartley.

"I'd like to cover some of that spare money of yours, Barron," he said, "but I can't bet on the field. I'll back my mare at evens against Troubadour."

He saw a start and a queer widening of the eyes of Paula Hartley. "I won't have charity, Ainlee. You can't bet on the mare against Troubadour."

"Horse racing is a pleasure to me, not a business," said Ainlee. "I'd rather have the risk than the money."

"Ah, you would, would you?" exclaimed Barron. "What about five thousand at evens, then?"

"I take you," said Ainlee. "And another five thousand the same way, if you please," he added.

Big Barron brushed a handkerchief suddenly across his face.

"Well—all right," he muttered. But he had a pale spot in the center of his cheek and stood rigid, as though he had received one heavy blow and expected another.

"Ten thousand at evens," said Ainlee cheerfully, and left the group instantly.

He was still working through the margin of the crowd about the paddock when, looking back, he saw John Barron talking with earnest gestures to the man who led gray Troubadour up and down. If Charlie Chester rode with a doubt in his mind, anything might happen.

Margie Windle appeared suddenly. She had not the beauty of Paula; and therefore eyes were not pulled so strongly and quickly toward her; her loveliness was in her warmth and her understanding, he felt. She shook hands, saying, "Are you as happy as you look?"

"As happy as a man can be when the fight's half over," he said.

"Then you've contrived some devilish scheme," she answered. "Troubadour can beat Scatter Gold, but he may not be able to beat you in addition."

"Go put down a bet on the mare," he suggested.

"I shall," said Margie Windle.

AS he took his post, well up on the hillside above the finish, he could hardly tell which he wished the most—the victory of Scatter Gold or her defeat. Then came the parade to the post. Malplaquet went first, hobbling in front and swaggering behind. Then came Do It, a great brownish-black creature. Then Pleasantry, who was so long and low that Carrick liked her, but who looked to Ainlee as though she lacked legs. Then big gray Troubadour, Almsman, Blue Mackerel, Scatter Gold, several others following the flash and beauty of the mare.

A little bustling approached Ainlee; he heard the clear strong voice of Sylvia Marsden and the booming note of John Barron.

"This is too high up," he said.

Paula said, "We might go down to that knoll."

"We'll stay right here with Richard Ainlee," said Sylvia Marsden, "because he's the sort of fellow who knows the best."

"Ha!" said John Barron.

"Are you backing Troubadour?" said Ainlee to the major.

"Of course I am," said the major. "I mean, you understand, I wish all sorts of glory to Paula's mare. I mean to your entry, Ainlee. But my choice is Troubadour."

"But you are for Scatter Gold?" said Ainlee to Paula.

"Yes," she said, "for Scatter Gold."

He felt an implication in this remark, and when he looked straight at her he saw her steady herself to meet the glance. He looked away to cover his smile.

Women are complicated creatures and so are financial operations. The man with the best brains wins, he decided.

A dull hoarse meaningless cry went up from the crowd. By an afterthought he made out that the words were: "They're off!"

This is more than a race between horses. It is a race between Ainlee and Barron, with Paula as the hoped-for prize. And where will it wind up—with Margie Windle in the back field? In next week's installment, Richard's belief in the power of his money sweeps him into a desperate entanglement.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 14

1—Probably because he was always venerated as the patron saint of little children.

2—In 1846, in England, when J. C. Horsley, a member of the Royal Academy, made some special designs for that purpose.

3—In imitation of the Roman custom of hanging evergreens in the houses during the Saturnalia as refuges for sylvan spirits from the inclemency of winter.

4—Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, during the reign of the Emperor Diocletian.

5—On January 6, the feast of the Epiphany.

6—December 6, the anniversary of his death.

7—St. Francis.

8—No. It is a member of the hellebore family—*Helleborus niger*.

9—Boxing Day, from the custom of giving Christmas presents, or boxes of gifts, especially to the poor, on that day.

10—Father Christmas (England), Santa Claus (United States and Canada), St. Nicholaas (The Netherlands), Papa Noel and Père Noel (France), Julemanden (Denmark), Weinachtsman (Germany).

11—In the reign of Queen Victoria.

12—From the ancient custom in the Christian Church of giving the "kiss of peace" at Christmas, Easter, etc.

13—It is a corruption of *Christkindl*, the Christ Child.

14—In the Isle of Man and in some parts of Ireland.

15—Twelve days: from Christmas Day to Epiphany.

16—The custom of the Catholic Church of celebrating the Christ Mass at midnight on December 24.

17—The visit of the Magi to the infant Jesus at Bethlehem.

18—In Ireland.

19—The Saturnalia, which began on December 17.

20—In Spencer County, Indiana.

Women in Business

Can They Ever Be Like Men?

NO, Says One of Them, Daring the Wrath of Her Sex— It Just Can't Be Done!

by
ROSE HEYLBUT

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

SKETCHES BY HAROLD DENISON

We have all raged on seeing Lucille in a dinner dress, tottering on superspike heels to tell the boss that Mr. Jones is waiting.

A GIRL I know lost a job the other day simply because she's a woman.

Yes, I know this is 1934. Nevertheless, here are the facts:

Ellen is a crack stenographer. She can also work a switchboard. She's attractive, she's up-to-date, she knows her job.

A business acquaintance told her of a certain office manager who needed a capable typist. The manager's firm was prominent, the surroundings pleasant, and the pay secure. Would Ellen be interested? She was.

"Then I'll talk to X," her acquaintance promised. "I'll call you."

The call came a week later. "*Well?*" said Ellen.

Making up at work, Mr. X says, proves women have inferior minds.

"Er—come out to dinner and I'll tell you about it."

In due time her friend leaned across the table.

"I'm terribly sorry. It's no good about that job. He just *won't hire any more women!*"

Mr. X had had his reasons all ready. First he insisted that he had no *prejudice* against women. He won't hire any more of them because:

1. Women have inferior minds, as proved by the way they dress, and make up at their work.
2. Women don't have the same serious long-pull interest in their work that men have. As soon as a woman gets properly broken in on a job, she wants to quit and get married.
3. Women workers demand unreasonable considerations, like time off for shopping and headaches.
4. Women are inveterate gossips, stirring up office politics and making general trouble.
5. Women are more erratic in their general trend of thought; more apt to be governed by styles and fads.
6. Women are more easily distracted from serious work. Also, they distract the local males.

Finally, added Mr. X, he meant these reasons to apply to the average woman in comparison with the average man who would be likely to do the same work.

Well, girls, how about it?

At first glance such a list makes any woman want to explode in defense and denial. But, just for a change, I'm not going to do that. I want to suggest that these arguments—and all arguments like them—are founded on the fundamental error of *judging women in terms of men's standards.*

It isn't at all high treason to demand a separate standard of judgment for the sexes. It's common sense.

Let's look at Mr. X's accusations and try to determine, not whether they're true but whether they're fair. How many of them strike at something which is woman's *fault,* and how many at something which is rooted in woman's *nature*—a nature basically different from man's?

Now for Accusation 1. Does a manner of dress or adornment argue anything about a quality of mind? Yes, it does. We have all of us gone off into quiet private little rages on seeing Lucille, the office girl, in a georgette dinner dress, with beaded lashes, an over-red mouth, and wine-colored finger nails, tottering along on superspike heels to tell the boss that Mr. Jones is waiting. The picture simply doesn't fit, any more than a kitchen apron would fit at the Inaugural Ball. Joe, the office boy, walking beside her in his plain suit, with his fresh-washed face, impresses one as being more sensibly dressed.

Similarly, at the cafeteria table, Joe, who simply puts down his napkin and is ready to leave, seems more sensibly and suitably behaved than Lucille, who first gets out her vanity case and takes time off to touch up her toilet in public view.

To be sure, Lucille often has evening dates, and no time to change for them after five thirty. And though she knows perfectly well what she's doing, she prefers to sacrifice suitability of costume by day.

But even when we know the reason why, we can't blink the fact that Lucille lays herself open to being considered not quite bright. Which isn't quite the same thing as admitting that men are mentally superior!

Girls have a purpose in dressing as they do—that of pleasing men. This isn't a matter of fault but of nature. If the dressy girl didn't score the hits, women would change their type in less time than it takes to read these words. So, if there's any "mental inferiority" involved, it looks as if it must be on the men's part for making beaded-lashed, rouged-lipped Lucille the popular favorite!

ROSE HEYLBUT

began writing as a free-lance music journalist. Worked daytimes as chief translator in the Federal Reserve Bank of New York while covering concerts nights. Now, not yet thirty, she is contributing to national magazines.

Which brings us to Accusation 2. Does the average woman have the same long-pull lifetime interest in her work that a man does? No, she doesn't. She dresses to please men. She does everything she can to attract and hold on to a man of her own. She wants her husband to do the work and let her run the home and the children.

Meanwhile, does she face her job with the same outlook as the man she wants for her husband? Of course she doesn't. She takes pride in not doing so! Regardless of whether she gets her wish or not, she *wants* a home of her own, a family of her own, and a husband. That's nature! No inferiority about it.

None the less, there is no evidence that the hope of quitting work makes a woman less efficient during the time she does work. Peggy's files don't suffer because of the hope in her heart.

How about Number 3 and all those extra considerations that business women "demand"? One simply can't generalize here. Anne and Jane are unreasonable in their requests; Helen and Doris aren't. Seeing how much one can get away with is a personal matter, not a matter of sex. But if there is any feminine leaning in that direction, it grows out of the American man's sense of chivalry toward the "weaker sex."

I don't like that term any better than you do, but we should be frank about it. Women *are* weaker than men. Nature has fashioned them to bear pain more patiently than men, but in most other sheerly physical respects they aren't as sturdy. Ruth, taking dictation, just *can't* put forth the full-power top-speed 365-days-a-year vigor of the snappy go-getter who gives her his letters. Not because of any inferiority but because she's built that way.

AN army of women are compelled by economic pressure to subject their bodies to strains which nature never meant for them. And they do it without complaint. But that doesn't alter the fact that nature did not intend woman's body for such strain.

The American man is the most gallant in the world about realizing this. I myself have seen a German business man order his secretary to wipe the mud from his rubbers. I have seen a Frenchman tell a girl to get up from her desk to close a window over his head. The American man isn't like that. So Accusation 3 must be counted a foul. Women don't demand any extra courtesies. But the American man has got into the habit of offering them.

Now that matter of women's gossiping. Well, women do gossip. There's no way around it. Nearly every organization has its women employees who mean well but can't control their talkativeness. No matter what the reason, women do make more trouble than men by idle gossip. We can only admit it and hope to do better. In the argument we are following, however, this is the first feminine fault that is really a fault and not a natural difference.

Accusation 5 holds that women are more swayed by fads than by common sense, and Accusation 6 that they're quicker at distraction. They're related, in a way, so let's take them up together. And let's admit both to be true! Women *are* faddists, not only in dress but in styles of food, decorations, games, books, and even trends of thought. Eve will be caught by the novelty of a thing rather than by its merits.

Woman wants to be pleasing—to be sought after. Through charm she must secure the home and the future which nature meant her to have. Thus she is more alert to any new device which may give her greater power to please. She's a natural experimenter. She can't help it. If Beth finds that a red color scheme and candles and cookies don't bring Bob back for a second call, there's always the chance that a setting in blue and flood lights and sandwiches will—and whether they do or not, Beth's going to try it out for herself. She's born that way. Bob isn't.

And to this natural difference add the fact that until recently woman's position in the world made it impossible for her to assert herself except indirectly—through influencing some man. The more emancipated we become the more we shall probably work our way out of this mental morass, and some of our almost simian eagerness to try new stunts will fall away.

SIMILARLY, women are more easly distracted from work because they aren't permanently interested in work. *But* woman's business record proves fairly conclusively that her dreams of a home or a conquest don't stop her from doing efficient work from nine to five. In some fields she has shown herself a better worker even than man.

It comes down to this: men aren't superior to women, and women aren't superior to men. They're just *different*. Nature made them so. They must be judged so. In some cases women's differences really are faults. In more cases they only seem like faults because we still persist in drawing our conclusions in terms of man's standards, which govern a man-made world. There is nothing intrinsically inferior about Lucille's wanting to be attractive. But it can be made to *seem* inferior from the standpoint of Joe, who doesn't need to work that way. There's nothing intrinsically inferior about Peggy's wanting to quit work to marry. Yet it can be twisted to look inferior when you consider work as a life's goal, as a man does, and the quitting of it as something slack.

There's nothing intrinsically inferior in the fact that Ruth has a weaker body, unless your measuring stick is marked in terms of masculine vigor.

And that is the point we haven't been able to grasp through all our discussions about men and women. We are amazed by what woman, so long subjected, has been able to accomplish during her brief entry into the world of men. We see her taking her place in art, science, and industry, and we say: "She has been holding out on us! If she can do as a man does in one respect, she can be judged as a man in all respects." Then we go on to set up a whole set of measurements for gauging the stature of Mary and John in identical terms. Which of course just can't be done!

If we want a single standard of judgment, we must get ourselves a new one, which will measure Mary and John on comparable points.

The wisest thing we can do is to stop the present sort of comparison, which leads exactly nowhere. Women are not like men, and never will be. They are unchangeably different, because nature fashioned them so.

Accusations like Mr. X's are good for one thing. They make us realize what we should have known long ago regardless of suffrage and woman's new position: that men and women just can't be measured by the same set of standards.

By the way, I've just had a letter from my friend Ellen. She has a new job. It pays five dollars a week more than Mr. X's!

THE END

They Take What They Want

A Short Short Story

by

WALTON GREEN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

A WOMAN—even if she is a very lovely and very willful and very spoiled young baroness—should not risk conversation with a man whose good opinion she values, when her mouth is full of hairpins. These implements occasion a clipped flatness of tone which is manifestly out of place save in the fretful intimacies of matrimony.

The little Baroness D'Aubert stared sulkily into the great Empire mirror over the old fireplace, and sulkily pushed into place the last of the hairpins.

"Why don't you answer me, Bertie?" she demanded. "Can't you understand that Washington is just an overgrown village where every one knows everything that goes on? Sooner or later Eugène will find out. Not that I care, of course. But I do think you might show some appreciation of the risk I run in coming here." She patted her splendid straw-colored hair and turned from the mirror.

The Hon. Herbert Galt-Paget—his sense of decorum appeased by the completion of the hairpinning—stirred relievedly in his chair. His sense of decorum was his outstanding characteristic, which is quite as it should be with a diplomat, for that is what God gives him in place of brains. The Hon. Herbert lighted a cigarette.

"Not developing a middle-class conscience, are you, Amélie?" he asked with a touch of condescension.

"How dare you say that!" She turned on him. "I take what I want from life. Need we go into all that again?"

"No indeed," he returned hastily. "I only mean— Well, see here, my dear girl. You always profess to be above criticism and all that, and then suddenly you turn around and behave like a frightened schoolgirl. What's got into you today?"

"Oh, I don't know! I hate this—all the secrecy—when I believe we have a right. It isn't that I'm afraid of being found out—but I don't want to be found out. I hate coming here, and I hate leaving. When I go out on the street I feel as if every last soul could see right through me—as if your name were written all over me. Haven't you ever felt that way?"

"Can't say I have," replied the Hon. Galt-Paget, with that spiritual obtuseness which has made his race invincible.

Amélie D'Aubert crossed the room slowly and stood well back from a window where she could command a view of the street without being observed. The sun had dropped down behind the Virginia hills and dusk was closing in. At the corner of Seventeenth Street the trolley cars clanged and ground their way around the curve.

Amélie D'Aubert sighed and turned again to the room. She picked up her hat from a chair.

"I'm afraid I must go, Bertie dear." Her voice was changed and soft. "Sorry I've been such a beast. But I can't help the moods sometimes. Where are my gloves?"

Galt-Paget arose and retrieved the gloves. He was a tall young man with very decent shoulders—undeniably a fine-looking animal—and very correct in his bearing. Galt-Paget handed over the gloves with that shade too much of courtliness which did not ill become him.

"Are you coming to the embassy tonight, baroness?" he asked carelessly.

"No—I'm dining with Molly Pearson in Georgetown. Hunting crowd. And don't—*don't* call me baroness. Are you deliberately trying to hurt me, Bertie?"

"Of course not, Amélie. Only my facetiousness. Forgive me. Just hoping I'd see you at the reception tonight. But it wouldn't be much use. I've got to stand in line—full uniform and all that—introduce all the Middle-Western dowagers, y'know. But when shall I—"

"Perhaps next Thursday," she interrupted diviningly. "If I can possibly make it. I'll telephone you. Now I really must be off. Oh, dear—where's my pocketbook?"

The pocketbook lay on top of a dresser. Galt-Paget and the little baroness discovered it simultaneously. And near the pocketbook lay a scarf of cobwebby silk.

"Oh," exclaimed Amélie, "what a delicious pale-orange color! Oh, Bertie—please, *please* may I have it? It suits me divinely—look, with my hair—shall I take off my hat again—just for a second? *Please*, Bertie!" Of a sudden she was very much the willful and appealing girl again.

The Hon. Bertie stiffened uncomfortably.

"I—why—I'd a little rather get you another one. You see—well—I—"

"I see," said Amélie sharply, the girlishness falling from her. "You mean it belongs to Gwen, and I'm not to touch anything of your wife's."

She moved coldly to the door. But with her hand on the knob she turned back.

"Bertie," she said, and her voice was throaty with feeling, "I take what I want. You *must* give me that scarf. I *must* have it. I must know—once for all. Give it to me, Bertie—give it to me!"

A few moments later the Hon. Herbert Galt-Paget stood alone in his apartment. He felt it was bad form to have yielded up the scarf. But at that point his conscience ceased functioning.

The Hon. Herbert possessed himself of his hat and his walking stick and fared forth. Amélie had five minutes start of him, and he would drop across to the club for a pick-me-up. He strolled up the street.

At the corner the crowd of home-going government employees seemed greater than usual and he was mildly annoyed by various persons getting in his way. Absently he noted a knot of men pressing through the doorway of the drug store, a policeman's cap bobbing in their midst. A bedraggled wisp of pale orange trailed out behind the men in the doorway.

The Hon. Bertie stared foolishly. Then he pulled himself together and turned resolutely into the club.

"I seen it all, sir," said the Negro doorman. "Deader'n a doornail she is. Han'kerchief round her neck blew up an' blinded her, and she steps right in front of that there coal truck!"

The Hon. Bertie passed decorously on and joined the Senators and the old men at their drinks.

THE END

The Amazing of Father

At Last—a Complete Revelation of the Man Behind the Mightiest Voice on the Air

by

E D W A R D D O H E R T Y

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

FATHER COUGHLIN'S early experiences in the priesthood and on the air were recounted by Mr. Doherty last week. It was to get his original Church of the Little Flower at Royal Oak, Michigan, out of debt that he bought his first hour at the "mike" and made his first broadcast on October 17, 1926. The returns were beyond his hopes. He went on, and hundreds of thousands of dollars came in. But, as Mr. Doherty observed, "the faster golden manna accumulated, the faster Father Coughlin went in debt"—what with the building of his new church, of which the Charity Crucifixion Tower is now completed.

None the less, within four years he had some forty million listeners every Sunday. He began to "fling stones" at both the international bankers and the Reds. In 1931, when he was cautioned to tone down a denunciation of the Versailles Treaty, he asked his unseen public what he should do about it. Within a week nearly 400,000 telegrams and letters bade him go right ahead and speak out.

PART THREE—THE BROADCASTER GIVES BATTLE

CHRIST or chaos. Charity or greed. The God of love or the god of gold.

"In the midst of this entire depression Almighty God, as it were, has spoken to us and said, 'You have tried to get along without me during your proud period of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries' capitalism. . . . You have rejected my principles of justice and generosity and charity. In turn I will send you a superabundance of all things material. I will load your banks with gold. I will store your granaries with wheat. I will bless every endeavor put forth by the farmer. But in the midst of it all you are helpless because you still prefer your man-made principles of legalized injustice and organized greed. Without me you can do nothing.'"

The priest, the student, the philosopher, the teacher stood before the little mike, talking to millions and millions of needy and indigent and starving people. He was sorry for them. He wept over them and their woes. He was angry for them—at their crushing taxes, the misrule imposed upon them, the debts contracted for them and their children and their children's children by the international bankers, the apostles of the god of gold, the usurers, and the bond sellers of the world. He believed the time had come to hurl rocks at their oppressors.

"The great banks of France and the United States" . . . have four fifths of the commercial gold of the world. "One thirty-third of one per cent of our population quickly gained most of our nation's wealth. And with more money than ever before in our history . . . with enough wheat stored to feed the entire world for the next three years . . . we are faced with the spectacle of stark starvation."

Greed must go. Charity must reign. A Catholic priest must speak of temporal things—for it is "impossible to divorce religion from any phase of life." Father Coughlin quotes Pope Leo XIII: "It must not be supposed that the solicitude of the Church is so occupied with the spiritual concerns of its children as to neglect their interests, temporal and earthly."

Father Coughlin was the shepherd of millions. He must protect them from "the wolves"—the international bankers. The international banker, he believed, was at the bottom of all our woes, our debts, our taxes, our busted banks and idle factories, our bread lines, our threatening revolution. And President Hoover was "the bankers' friend, the Holy Ghost of the rich, the protective angel of Wall Street." Mellon, "the billionaire," the "weakest Secretary of the Treasury in our history," was likened to Judas Iscariot, who was Christ's treasurer and sold Him for thirty pieces of silver.

After that tremendous flood of letters Father Coughlin received from all over the United States and Canada, bidding him speak as he would, the priest of the radio outlined his ideas of the Treaty of Versailles—the "iniqui-

Acme photo

It takes a whole office force of girls at the Shrine of the Little Flower to handle the huge mass of mail that is received in response to Father Coughlin's broadcasts.

Career Coughlin

tous treaty," and what followed it—the sale of bonds born of a secret pact between France and Germany—the latter country to get one third of the money coming from the duped American citizens who bought these "blood bonds" which "Germany never had any intention of honoring."

Playing the stock market became as popular as playing bridge, he said. Hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of these bonds were unloaded on American investors by the international bankers.

And so came the depression—for the bonds fell. Banks "which invested in these bonds feverishly called their loans made to speculative individuals to protect their bond purchases. The market crashed! But . . . the banks, for the most part, were saved."

LIBERTY bonds were blood bonds too, Father Coughlin held, for "we rushed headlong into a sea of blood for the sake of bloody bonds owned by private citizens and bought at their personal risk!"

Wealth was not identified with gold. Wealth was essentially identified with labor. We were living in a house built on the sands. Labor had been crucified. The small home owner groaned under the cross of taxation. But—"Either a moratorium will be declared upon mortgages held against homes, or else the homes will become the property of the United States government."

Had any other man preached these doctrines it is doubtful that many would have listened. It is possible he might even have been jailed. But millions and millions more listened to the priest every Sunday. He talked economics, and they understood him. He made it a part of religion. He had facts and figures no man could controvert. He had arguments few could answer. He had invectives that bit and burned. And many of the things he advocated, many of the things he predicted have come into the New Deal.

But it was more than all this that held the crowd. It was the man's appeal—the appeal of an actor to an audience—indefinable yet plain to feel. Even the milkman, the cop, the night watchman, and the man on the dog watch got up at four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon to dial him into their homes. His championship of the common man warmed them. His voice held them.

Why did people starve in a land of plenty? Millions were squandered in pork-

Two of Father Coughlin's early radio targets were President Hoover and Secretary Mellon (right). He called Hoover "the Holy Ghost of the rich." He thundered "Roosevelt or ruin!" as F. D. R. (above) ran for President. Later on he turned against him.

© Harris & Ewing

Acme photo

E. D. Stair, with whose paper, the Detroit Free Press, Father Coughlin had the bitterest of his many battles.

barrel politics; millions were spent in sinful waste, in appropriations for everything but the actual needs of Americans.

"Recently $45,000,000 was set aside for the relief of those farms devastated by last summer's drought. The bill of appropriations is so construed that this money shall be expended on seed, upon food for animals, but none of it is to be used to buy food for the farmer. . . . As Senator Tom Heflin has rather tersely expressed it, 'They put the hog above the human and the mule above the man.' . . . In stricken Arkansas 100,000 farmers are suffering from starvation. . . . Was there question asked when at least $125,000,000 was appropriated to feed the starving Belgians? . . . No one protested when $35,000,000 was appropriated to be loaned large shipping interests so they could build boats and make money for themselves.

"TWO million was charitably appropriated for the Porto Rico Hurricane Commission. Two million five hundred thousand was appropriated for the study of bugs. . . . Ten million was set aside for the great air-line transportation companies . . . $165,000,000 has been taken out of our national treasury and used as tax refunds during the past year to the poor rich of our nation . . . the recent dole of $2,000,000,000 extended to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. . . ." Nothing for the hungry, the idle, the desperate poor.

Millions and millions were thinking those thoughts themselves. Father Coughlin dared to shout them from the housetops so that all the land might hear.

"The bankers who sold more than $9,000,000,000 of questionable foreign bonds to a gullible American public are now to be the recipients of a 'bonus' for having conspired to expatriate American money both to foreign governments and to foreign industries. . . . Let us indirectly cancel the bankers' losses as we canceled the $14,000,000,000 war debts of foreigners. John Public, the common man, can eventually shoulder this extra burden of taxation."

Even our old soldiers couldn't get money out of Mellon!

"Billions to the international bankers who never fought. But none to the soldiers who risked life and limb. Mr. Mellon tells us it would bankrupt the nation to pay the debt already confessed by Congress as owed to our ex-soldiers. But it didn't bankrupt Congress to cancel the debts foreign nations owed us. Nor will it bankrupt the United States to create a $2,000,000,000 corporation for the banking industries of the nation."

And again:

"Your money . . . went begging in Europe. Loans were made for the construction of workingmen's dwellings in Germany, for every conceivable kind of private enterprise, for the erection of bathing facilities, parks, playgrounds, and even apartment houses. Germany must have no slums. Germany must have no poverty. The American international bankers would see to that, at the expense of the American depositors' money.

"These same international bankers who talk of rugged individualism"—where have we heard that word since?—"here at home, and who demand tariffs for the presumed protection of the laboring class, literally implored European governments and industrialists to accept their money—pardon me, your money—to build factories for foreign competition, which could have no other result but close the doors of American industry and send the American workmen tramping through the streets of our nation. . . . The banker was safe. He had real money in his pocket. But the investor held the bag filled with shrinking bonds.

"Profits! Greed! Exploitation!"

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT loomed big on Father Coughlin's horizon. The priest had met him when he was Governor of New York. He knew the Roosevelt policies and admired them.

Frank Murphy, Mayor of Detroit, was the first Roosevelt man in Michigan. But Father Coughlin was a close second. He began to preach "Roosevelt or ruin." He began to attack Hoover and the Republican administration with redoubled vigor.

In February, 1932, he quoted a passage written by Hoover in the Mining Magazine for the issue of May, 1912. After the sermon Mr. Hoover sent into the Congressional Library to confiscate every volume of that magazine—but the damage had been done.

Mr. Hoover, in a letter to the editor, was discussing ways to finance a mine.

Father Coughlin, calling it "one of the most astounding articles ever composed by an ethical being," declared it fully answered the question, "What principle is at the bottom of the political inactivity to protect the common man, and of the ardent zeal to protect the banking class?"

Mr. Hoover's article lists three expenditures in floating a mine. The first outlay is for the actual development and equipment and management, which he presumes will amount to £100,000. Father Coughlin translates this sum into $500,000. The second outlay is for registration of the company, the directors' fees, the secretary, etc., which might total $25,000. The balance is for brokers, jobbers, and salesmen. The total money expended thus amounts to $600,000.

But the mine is capitalized for $5,000,000. Thus if the mine is a failure, the investors have lost $4,400,000. The promoters have lost nothing. Indeed, they have accumulated $4,400,000. This is the paragraph of the Hoover article Father Coughlin quoted:

"It is quite possible that the Blank mine may be capitalized at £1,000,000 ($5,000,000) and that the Insiders may sell the shares to the Outsiders at that figure, but the £880,000 ($4,400,000), representing the difference—if we assume that the mine should fail absolutely—is not itself an economic loss. It simply means that this much of the national wealth was transferred from one individual to an-

other. . . . Further, from an economic point of view this £880,000 ($4,400,000) of capital in the hands of the Insiders is often invested to more reproductive purpose than if it had remained in the hands of the idiots who parted with it."

"Idiots who parted with it!" Father Coughlin repeated. "Idiots. I hang on that word 'idiots.' It is a word to conjure with. I-d-i-o-t-s. Idiots. In 1912 Mr. Herbert Hoover termed idiots those people who would listen to the suave salesman talk of promoters who, by deceit and subterfuge, coaxed money from widows to invest in many mining ventures which were failures before they started.

"My friends, we are deeply indebted for this shocking piece of information. We now know the philosophy at the bottom of modern progress. We are now taught that it is quite moral and just to filch money from innocent 'Outsiders' and pass it into the soft hands of the guilty 'Insiders,' where it can be used to better advantage.

"No wonder we have lived to see the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few."

He blamed Hoover for the failure of the gold standard.

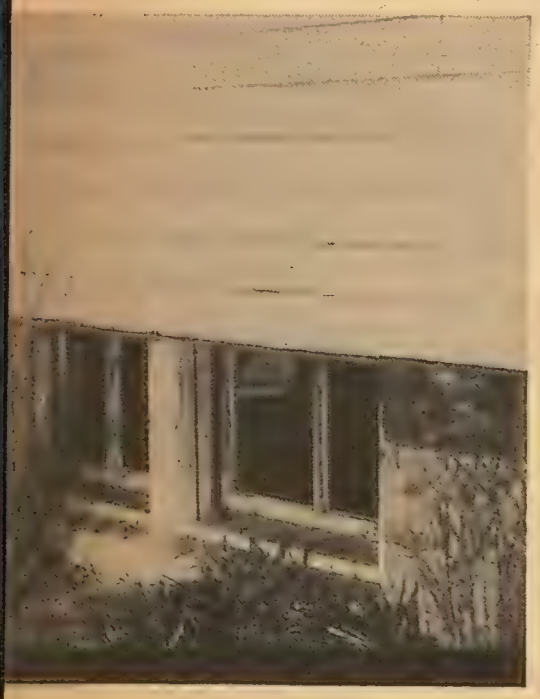
"Our President and his entire cabinet have not the courage to tell you that the gold standard, upon which we and many other nations are pledged to do business, was cunningly destroyed so far as practical purposes are concerned. Rather they raised the cry 'Stop thief!' to intimate there was a movement on foot to destroy the gold standard, when they and their predecessors were the chief sinners in rendering useless and impotent the medium whereby all trade was conducted."

HE thundered against the Federal Reserve banks and the Federal Reserve System. He advocated the immediate payment of the soldiers' bonus—so called. He attacked the American Federation of Labor, saying that it was infiltrated with racketeers, that its officials had permitted women to take the place of men in factories, that they had fostered child labor, that they were stupefied when in the "so-called open-shop city of Detroit" wages were raised to a minimum of five dollars per day. He condemned the government payment of "$2,000,000,000 to the bankers and railroads" while 8,000,000 ex-soldiers went hungry.

When the ex-soldiers marched on Washington and encamped in the shadow of the Capitol, Father Coughlin sent them $5,000, "for beans."

The soldiers loved him for this—also for championing their cause against Dr. Clarence True Wilson, who was quoted as calling them "perjured scoundrels" because they drank.

Father Coughlin, in one of his first sermons against prohibition, had said that if Christ should appear at a public marriage today and turn water into wine, "He would be seized on the one arm by Bishop James Cannon, Jr. . . . and on the other by the voluble and intolerant Clarence True Wilson; and would be thrown into jail with murderers and criminals, because of an act of Congress which violates the principles of the Christian religion, scorns the teachings of God and of Jesus Christ, and sneers at the traditions of our Republic."



Keystone View photo

A detective examining the foundation of the home of Father Coughlin after it was bombed, little damage resulting, in March, 1933.

But the international banker was his main target—and Hoover was in the line of fire.

The international banker was a "protected and pampered brigand," whose chief virtues were "greed, deceit, and dishonesty."

Acme photo

Father Coughlin before a Michigan one-man grand jury. Prosecutor Harry S. Toy (at right) is questioning him.

Because of him the laborer stood "in the hall of Pontius Pilate—his brow crowned with the thorns of worry, his body bruised with the stripes of misfortune and usury, and his hands tied by the manacles of disorganization." The banker had tried to deify gold. He had put a cross of gold on the shoulders of a people "staggering to the mountain top of a new Calvary."

International bankers, he believed, would force the United States into the World Court to salvage their investments in European securities.

When the Republicans renominated Hoover at the Chicago convention, the radio priest indulged in a furor of words.

"The shrill intemperate whistle of the Hooverian steam roller," he said, "proclaims that the graft, the blind pigs, the relentless racketeers, and the obnoxious pork barrel of federal control shall remain."

What did G. O. P. mean? "Graft Of Prohibition."

"One hundred per cent for federal snoopers, pussyfooters, bootleggers, and graft of prohibition!"

REPEATED efforts were made to stop him, to moderate his language, to get him off the air. Thousands of complaints were made—but there were millions of praises to offset them. Counterattacks were made on him by clerics and laymen. The Columbia Broadcasting Company refused to renew his contract—so he established his own chain of twenty-one stations and thus acquired an audience 10,000,000 bigger than it had been.

Frank X. Martel of the Detroit Federation of Labor called him the biggest racketeer in the United States, and asserted he was building his church with "scab labor at scab wages." Father Coughlin let the "racketeer" pass, but proved he was paying 50 per cent higher than the union scale—after which he added a 10-per-cent increase.

His home was bombed, though little damage resulted, and it was rumored there was a plot to destroy the Shrine of the Little Flower. He called the bombing "a dumb trick, meant to intimidate me."

Cardinal O'Connell of Boston criticized him harshly in a talk that traveled, by way of print, all over the country.

The priest told interviewers that "a humble private in the ranks," might not talk back to a prince of the Church.

But he let it be known that his bishop approved of him, and that the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who outranks a cardinal, had sent him a white slab cut from the side of Calvary.

But all this was as nothing to his fight with the Detroit Free Press.

He began the fight in March, 1933, with an attack on the management of Detroit's two big banks, their holding companies, and E. D. Stair, owner and publisher of the Free Press. Stair happened to be president of the Detroit Bankers Company—" the legal but unmoral holding company " of the First National—" the hideout company . . . the dumping pots and ash piles for the refuse created by mismanagement "—organized " to cheat the widow, rob the orphan, and oppress the poor."

He declared that lying propaganda made the innocent depositors think the banks were sound. He declared that, previous to the bank holiday, $63,000,000 of " inside information money " had leaked out of the First National through the front door or the back door; that loans had been made to banking affiliates on little or no security; that the bankers dodged the double indemnity for owning bank stock; and that the Free Press printed scurrilous articles " indirectly attacking the government for venturing to establish a new bank in Detroit, an institution ' of the people, by the people, and for the people.' " He called the newspaper rabid and partisan.

" Modern banking," he said, " had degenerated into a crap game where the dice too often were loaded, a crap game played by the unscrupulous expert with other people's money."

He spoke of editorial wrench-slinging by " the old lady of Fort Street, the Detroit Free Press." The Free Press snickered at that one, since it is situated in Lafayette Street. But it didn't like the rest of the sermon at all—and prepared to do something about it.

Stair wired President Roosevelt that a " slanderous attack " had been made on him by the priest " who presents himself from time to time as spokesman for your administration," and asked an immediate and thorough investigation by the Department of Justice.

From then on the citizens of Detroit were entertained each morning with some new effort of the Free Press to get even. The paper explained that Stair was an aged man, that he hadn't wanted to be president of the holding company, but took the job at the urging of his friends and as a civic duty. He refused to accept any salary. He cut millions off the overhead. He did everything he could to stave off destruction—but he had come into office at the wrong time.

NOBODY in Detroit apparently believed Stair was the type of man to go around robbing widows and orphans in his spare moments. Perhaps Father Coughlin was wrong about him. Even a priest is wrong at times. Nobody can be right all the time.

On Monday the Free Press called the priest a political radio haranguer, a flamboyant demagogue, a confused ranter seeking to delude his listeners, and an ecclesiastic Huey Long who slandered decent citizens in the name of God.

" Raving over the radio with his attacks on the banks," an editorial writer said, " he did much to bring about the present condition."

On Tuesday, under the headline " Priest Who Denounces Market Plungers Lost Thousands in Wall Street," the Free Press presented some figures to show that Father Coughlin had invested approximately $110,000 of " charity funds "; that at one time he paid as much as $30,110.89 for stocks, and that he lost $13,955.89 on one venture in Wall Street.

" There is gold in the radio racket," it announced.

Photostats of sales records and purchase orders on the stationery of Paine, Webber & Co., under the caption, " A Crap Game Played with Other People's Money," accompanied the broadside.

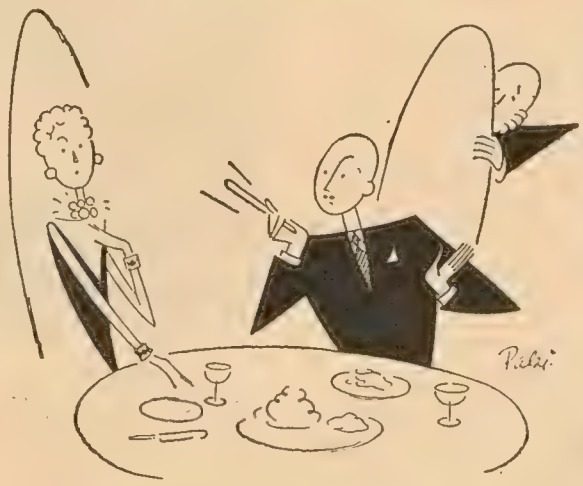
These showed the purchase of 500 shares of Kelsey-Hayes Wheel stock. Father Coughlin declared the records were forged, inasmuch as he had no dealings with the brokerage house. The Free Press replied that the bank dealt with Paine, Webber & Co., for him—and that the photostats had been obtained from the bank.

The Detroit Times, which had always been friendly to Father Coughlin, quoted him as follows:

" I did buy this stock on margin in 1929, and I think I lost $7,000. It was bought with my own money—all my own—and I got a $7,000 lesson."

BEHAVE YOURSELF

By Della T. Lutes



KNIFE LEANERS

The way some people use a knife
Makes me at times incensed.
You'd think it was a lamp-post
For men to lean against!
Or a crowbar!

On Wednesday the Free Press alluded to the priest as " The Religious Walter Winchell," and quoted Cardinal O'Connell.

On Thursday it said he " has loomed larger in the national political picture than his size would warrant," and thanked " all of you " for " the offers of support " that " swamped " the editorial office. There was an editorial —" Away with Bigotry "—in which this appears: " The old Mother Church has a way of taking care of her recalcitrant sons and in the proper time and place will see to it that the harsh voice of destruction and communal strife is stilled."

ON Friday the Free Press declared, " The Rev. Father Charles E. Coughlin filed no income-tax returns for a period of years up to 1931."

Income-tax collectors later found out that Father Coughlin had no personal income large enough to be taxed until 1931, and then he had overpaid it to the amount of $8.61.

On Saturday the paper quoted Bishop Michael J. Gallagher as saying he hoped to persuade the radio priest to speak with " more moderation." And its Good Morning column coined the phrase, " the radio Richelieu of the Roosevelt régime."

On Sunday Father Coughlin repeated much of what he had said the week previously, but amplified his statements about Stair and the Free Press. He called the paper a relic, a moribund institution. He considered Stair, he said, " as much a public character as was, for instance, the indicted Mr. Charles Mitchell of New York, or Mr. Insull, because he was president of an institution which controlled the destinies of hundreds of thousands of depositors."

At this point he went into Mr. Stair's private life—and friends of the latter declared he wasn't throwing stones now. He was flinging mud.

He said little about the stock-market-gambling charges —saying only that the money had been invested in productive Michigan stock, and would be again. As for the Free Press charges that he lied—the Free Press couldn't substantially prove its own statements, he declared. If he was a demagogue, so was Pope Leo. So was Pope Pius.

" Father Coughlin," the Free Press made answer, " inaugurated the Holy Year of his Church on Sunday with a hymn of hate. . . . He made no defense whatever. . . . He stands accused and has made no reply."

There were threats of libel suits made both by the paper and the priest; but they came to nothing.

In August, 1933, Father Coughlin appeared as the principal witness before a one-man grand jury (they have 'em in Michigan). It was an open hearing. Prosecutor Harry S. Toy ushered Father Coughlin to the witness chair. He kept it for two days.

He shouted at times. He banged his fists on the table. " The United States is no Jesus Christ. It cannot go down into a graveyard and raise a stinking Lazarus. God Almighty could not raise the First National," he thundered.

"About two weeks before the Detroit banks closed," he said, "I was in New York City, the guest of Frank Murphy [Mayor of Detroit]. Neal McNeal, night editor of the New York Times, dropped into our hotel room. We discussed the matter of the closing of some Michigan banks. Frank Murphy called his brother George to ascertain the facts. I immediately telephoned Governor Comstock, and, knowing the condition of the Detroit banks, advised him to call a bank moratorium."

Speaking of Roosevelt, he called him "a man whom I love because he is my friend, and whom I revere because he is my President."

Yet the time was coming when he would assail Roosevelt and Roosevelt policies and Roosevelt cabinet officers.

He declared that the depositors of the First National would get 80 per cent of their money as soon as Mr. James K. Watkins, former police commissioner, could spare "the time and money spent in getting up petitions for a reorganized bank"; as soon as the stockholders acknowledged their double liability, and the bank affiliates "stop their lying and double-crossing tactics and tell the truth."

"The banks were wrecked," he said, "before Roosevelt took office. They were wrecked by the philosophy that money in the hands of the masses was a menace. Hoover tried to cure this damnable depression by pouring in gold at the top while the people starved at the bottom. He fed grain to pigs in Arkansas, but wouldn't give a loaf of bread to the people of Michigan. I'm going to show that the Detroit bankers were brought up in the same school. I'm not here to indict them but to protect them. I'll prove this was a man-made depression; that in the midst of plenty we stood like a band of monkeys on an island full of coconuts without knowing how to gather and eat them."

He mentioned mismanagement, hideouts, false records, gambling with other people's money, dropsical stock. He said the Detroit Bankers Co. paid dividends "all the time it was looting its biggest unit, the First National."

But he presented no concrete evidence of any kind to back up his charges.

"The man," said a Free Press editorial, "is apparently a victim of megalomania with its attendant delusions of grandeur" to make "such wild and vicious charges against so many outstanding citizens without a single vestige of sound evidence." If he were not a priest "his words would go for naught."

The editorial defended Peter J. Monoghan whom Father Coughlin had called a "scoundrel lawyer." He was an outstanding Catholic. He had acted as attorney for great charity organizations, had worked unceasingly for them. But—"he needs no defense. We only call it to attention to bear out our belief that Father Coughlin has become unbalanced through self-worship."

JACK WEEKS of the Free Press wrote a humorous story in which he called Father Coughlin "a ham."

"On Wednesday he seemed to have everything a great Thespian requires. . . . His voice . . . proved adequate to the varying spirit of his lines. His handsome features seemed to reflect the inner radiance of all truly creative natures. . . .

"Alas, under the strain of a two-day stand, which ought to be child's play for a great actor . . . these abilities vanished . . . the great voice, the electrifying gestures, the inner radiance were missing. . . . A Barrymore is not built in a day."

Who was the first to congratulate Weeks on that story?

Father Coughlin.

What happened when all the fuss subsided?

Detroit got a new bank—one Father Coughlin had advocated. That was all.

A searching scrutiny of Father Coughlin's sensational "inconsistencies"—his defending Jimmy Walker while denouncing Al Smith, and his rather abrupt turn against President Roosevelt, whose policies he had championed at first — with a detailed account of Mr. Doherty's own astonishing experience with the radio priest, will bring this series to a conclusion in Liberty next week.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **FEBRUARY HILL** by Victoria Lincoln. Farrar & Rinehart.
A convincing and amusing story of the Harris family, a strange, shiftless, but cheerful lot.

★ ★ ★ **SUCKERS ALL** by Julien J. Proskauer. The Macaulay Company.
The biography of a small-time confidence man and an explanation of how he fleeced his victims.

★ ★ **WHAT MAD PURSUIT** by Martha Gellhorn. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.
Hot sex too thickly buttered, by a girl who can write if she learns the art of negation.

★ ★ **SALT OF THE SEA—RED SAUNDERS** by "Sinbad." J. B. Lippincott Company.
Fast-moving biography of a semimodern pirate in the Far East. For those who like red blood, red hair, and red-hot action.

No matter how early a man gets up or how late he stays up, he never finds a better 10 cents' worth than MODEL Tobacco. It has taste, character, smoothness — and the added appeal of coming in pouch or tin. Either way: "Yes, I said 10 cents."

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TUNE IN YOUR RADIO
PICK AND PAT — COMEDIANS
See your local evening-program listings
TUNE IN YOUR PIPE

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

GUSTY, GAY,

From Old Bagdad to the News of Today: Here's a Film Excursion—with a Stopover in Toyland for Messrs. Laurel and Hardy

★★★★ CHU CHIN CHOW

THE PLAYERS: Anna May Wong, George Robey, Fritz Kortner, John Garrick, Pearl Argyle, Jetsam, Dennis Hoey. Directed by Walter Forde. Story by Oscar Asche.

ENGLAND'S Christmas gift to American picturegoers is Chu Chin Chow, a pictorial plum pudding, spicy and rich and garnished with a luxurious Oriental exoticism. It delights the eye, pleases the ear, and quickens the senses in a double adult dose of childish fantasy.

This does not mean that the film is for little Herman. It's as modern and cynical as anything wrought by the playmakers this year. The ancient tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves cavorts with vigor and high suspense as it unfolds its sumptuous display of murderous thievery, savage lusts, and unrestrained beauty, and polished with meticulous care it shines as something bright and new.

Taken not too seriously and woven through with songs that flow right out from the plot, the film opens at a Bagdad feast where a merchant prince is preparing for the arrival of Chu Chin Chow, the fabulously wealthy Chinese trader. Chu Chin Chow never arrives. His body studded with arrows, he lies in the desert, killed by the marauding forty thieves.

From then on things happen with such dizzying rapidity, so many characters roar and coo through highly tempoed doings, that they cannot all be set down here. There is the thieves' cave where "Open Sesame!" is a password to untold wealth or violent death. There is spying and counterespionage in the fight for new riches, and there are brutal and almost too realistic scenes of death. But there are lovely flashes of tenderness and unadorned wenches and occasional bits of humor to balance the film's macabre side.

Neither believable nor unbelievable, Chu Chin Chow comes from a land where logic means nothing, and gallops down its fantastic path with a curiously compelling gusto.

VITAL STATISTICS: Original Chu-Chin-Chow ran at His Majesty's Theatre, London, during the World War, starting August 31, 1916, and ending July 22, 1921—becoming a sort of rival to Trafalgar Square, Lord Nelson, and Yorkshire pudding. . . . Present production created at the Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush, just outside London, and cost around £200,000. Studios are owned by the famous Ostrer Brothers, a sort of English Warner Brothers, with Isidore Ostrer as prexy and the Rt. Hon. Viscount Lee of Fareham, P. C., as vice prexy. Can you imagine a Lord Louis B. Mayer or a Baron B. P. Schulberg? . . . George Robey is England's best known comedian, famous for his singing, pantomime clowning, slatternly-female impersonations, and his typical British wit. I once entered a theater in London where Zig-Zag was playing during the war, to hear George Robey say: "Hell hath no fury like an old man's corns!" He came to America after the war, and flopped, but strictly as a reflection on our own lack of good taste. Favorite song he sings in costume of old stage charwoman scrubbing up: I May Not Be Clever But I'm Clean. He appeared successfully after Zig-Zag in The Bing Boys on Broadway with Violet Loraine (who married the Marmalade Duke), also a war production. Invented a song called I'm Bert, Bert—I Sweep Up the Dirt, imitated successfully by Ed Wynn in The Laugh Parade. 92,500 sequins sewn on by hand over a robe he wears in the film. Some Robey! . . . Anna May Wong's first film idol was Crane Wilbur in Pearl White's The Perils of Pauline. She is a fatalist but believes in reincarnation in "cycles." Anna's first ambition was to be a musician, so she saved up five bucks and bought an old organ, which she learned to play by ear. She has soft brown eyes and blue-black hair.

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy combines Mother Goose with

★★★ BABES IN TOYLAND

THE PLAYERS: Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Charlotte Henry, Felix Knight, Henry Kleinbach, Florence Roberts, Virginia Karns. Directed by Gus Meins and Charles Rogers.

WHILE you are stuffing yourself with pleasure at Chu Chin Chow, you should send Junior out to see Laurel and Hardy's Babes in Toyland. Grown-ups will enjoy this film, too, for it has a pleasantly naïve air and in its later reels, when the toy soldiers fight the bogeymen, it gathers a real excitement.

Taken from Victor Herbert's operetta but never fully capitalizing his music, the picture reintroduces the Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe, Tom-Tom the Piper's Son, Little Miss Muffett, Bo-Peep, Tweedle-Dum, and Tweedle-Dee. Somehow, too, the Three Little Pigs and Krazy Kat work themselves in with these folklore people; but they are right in the spirit of the nursery times and sprinkle a large shower of gayety into the proceedings.

Mixing Mother Goose with melodrama, Babes in Toyland presents the Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe as one harassed not by her many children but by a mortgage on the shoe. Laurel and Hardy, Santa Claus's helpers, do everything possible to raise the money, but all to no avail.

The leering landlord, with an eye for Bo-Peep, the Old Lady's daughter, offers to tear up the mortgage if she'll wed him. But Bo-Peep, in love with Tom-Tom, will have none of Barnaby. That starts the trouble and, incidentally, most of the fun.

Barnaby, a bad man if we ever hope to see one, steals one of the Three Little Pigs, and frames the pignaping on Tom-Tom, who is promptly banished to Bogeyland for the theft.

All this is amusingly and deftly treated with a light and sympathetic touch and set in charmingly imagined backgrounds. Laurel and Hardy appear in superb form and contrive to make the scene wherein they set out to rescue Tom-Tom from Bogeyland come alive with almost giddy excitement.

While completely entertaining, Babes in Toyland reaches an amazing pitch of tenseness in the climax which

King Alexander and Minister Barthou a few seconds before the fatal shots. A scene from Fox Movietone News.

GRIPPING

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Babes in Toyland, which
enes of intense excitement.

shows the toy soldiers defending their village against the ogres from Bogeyland.

Headed by Henry Kleinbach, who stands out as the evil Barnaby, the cast is uniformly splendid in assistance to Laurel and Hardy. Only Charlotte Henry exhibits too much determination at being cute. But that is no reason for any kid not to love Babes in Toyland, and no reason why you should not give it a chance too.

VITAL STATISTICS: Piktsch based on Victor Herbert's operetta, book by Glen Macdonough, which opened in New York in 1903 . . . Stan Laurel, the dumb member of the Hardy, finds acting and writing a natural gift with him. Father and mother were both professionals. Was born in Ulverston, England, thirty-nine years ago. Attended Tynemouth College, England. Is terribly shy in private life. Writes a good part of his comedies. Got his clown training in English pantomime. Came to this country in 1910 with Fred Karno's show, the same one that brought another good comedian here: fellow named Charlie Chaplin. Was teamed with Oliver Hardy by Hal Roach in 1926, after four years at the Roach fun factory. Created phrase "I faw down and go boom!" . . . Oliver (Fats) Hardy is a graduate of the school of hard knocks. Started out in Gawjuh and attended Georgia Military College at Milledgeville. Intended for the law, he left the University of Georgia Law School after a year, his father dying suddenly. Father was a famous Georgia politician. Went to Hollywood after vodvil grind to make good, and it took years of grinding but it finally took. Twenty-one years, specifically. Laurel and Hardy have a different name in every country where they appear. Latin America knows them as El Gordo, El Flaco (the Fat and the Lean). Germany dubs them Dick und Dumm, which translates as Fat and Dumb. Sweden calls them Helan och Halvan, or a stimulating apéritif. Helan (Hardy) means "the first big glass" and Halvan (Laurel), "the second smaller glass." Greece knows them as Chondros and Highos (Fatty and Skinny). Other nontranslatables are: Poland, Flip I Flap; Denmark, Gog and Cokke; Turkey, Sisman ve Zaif; Roumania, Stan and Bran; and Italy, Crick and Crok. . . . The boys are always being written queer requests. One woman wanted them to put her son through college because the lad was named Stanley. Twin girls in Chicago wanted their discarded derby hats for hanging flower baskets. A Montana cowman wanted a loan of seventy dollars from Hardy for a new cow pony, on the grounds that for years he thought Hardy funnier than his "podner." . . . Laurel never uses a make-up box, carrying his simple paraphernalia around in his pocket. He's no sissy. Hardy weighs close to 250, almost as much as Primo Carnera. . . . The King Cole in the picture weighs over 300 and is named Kewpie Morgan. He laughed himself sick and into bed, actually, for a guffawing sequence in film, suffering an internal strain.

★★★ FOX MOVIETONE NEWS

News, sports, fashions, personalities seen through Movietone News. Edited by Laurence Stallings. Described by Lowell Thomas.

FOX MOVIETONE NEWS, all dressed up with a new commentator and introductory credit shots, seems to us to escape the casual air of newsreels and step into a class that makes it a feature worth watching for.

In its new costume, Movietone News has all the appeal of a miniature newspaper. Its world-wide coverage is amazing, hardly an event of any national interest having been missed by them this year. These scheduled events, while requiring unceasing work, can be covered by any company; but the thing that Movietone does so well—and it happens too often to be entirely luck—is to be on hand when unscheduled events shoot into the headlines.

In order to get a record of everything that happens, even things that just *might* happen, 100 cameramen patrol the world, shooting about 100,000 feet of film every week. Though only 1,000 feet or so of this is used, nothing may be missed; for no one, not even a cameraman, can foretell news. Thus every play of a football game is shot in hope of getting the touchdown. Every parade is photographed for the potential riot, and royalty is being continually snapped so that when the bomb is thrown you'll see it.

And you do see it in Movietone News. Under the capable guidance of Truman Talley, and now described intelligently and pleasantly by Lowell Thomas, these little features, edited by Laurence Stallings, are the cinema's most sparkling guide to the world today.

VITAL STATISTICS: The newsreel was made famous by Pathé Brothers, who gave it away biweekly as baksheesh with a feature. The exhibitors today are reluctant to pay for it on that account, despite rumor claiming that the Fox newsreel, the largest there is, costs a couple of hundred thou per week to get together. Most companies lose money on newsreels. The Fox Movietone News encompasses the world with 100 camera units, anticipating news wherever there is news. Besides, thousands of amateur cameramen form a sort of unofficial newsreel AP all over the globe. Average cameramen receive $150 to $250 per week and pay as much as $1,500 to join the union, which collects the highest dues of any union in the world and is hardest to crash. . . . Chief requirements of a cameraman are foolhardiness and news anticipation. . . . Chief requirement of the newsreel is speed: five prints being sent immediately after taking as fast as humanly possible to the main world offices for local redistribution. . . . Recently Fox installed Laurence Stallings, poet, book critic, Southerner, war hero, author of What Price Glory, The Big Parade, The First World War, etc., as editor in chief of its newsreel. His first duty on taking office was to travel around the world for nine months, familiarizing himself with the scope of his office and outlining his editorial plans to his farthest flung outpost. His plans for the newsreel are idealistic, hoping to make it the greatest, most universal and human newspaper in the world.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love.

★★★—The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi.

Fritz Kortner and Anna May Wong in a scene from the luxurious and fast-moving English film Chu Chin Chow.

Family Tradition

The Story of a Dog Who Kept the Faith

The doctor swung his wheel

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

by SEWELL

RUFF was with Doc when it happened, there on the seat beside his master, his pointed ears pricked to the cool rush of night air, his feet planted securely on the shiny old leather upholstery of the careening car.

The instruments on the dust-powdered dash glowed dimly. On the little shelf back of the seat was the black bag, corners worn smooth and rust-red, that was always there when they drove. The familiar tubelike thing, forked at one end and tipped with metal, was doubled up in the doctor's coat pocket, on the side next the dog. Ruff had always been a little bit afraid of the stethoscope; he could remember, dimly, that once he had been switched for chewing up one of them. That had been years ago, when Ruff was just a fuzzy foolish German shepherd pup.

From a crossroad an open car loaded with youngsters cut across their path, leaving in its wake a rolling, slowly settling cloud of yellow dust. In a moment the headlight beams were only a yellow haze; even the road immediately in front of the car was blotted out by the billowing dust.

Suddenly a glint of red and the dim silver reflection from a bumper bar shone through the blinding cloud directly ahead. The doctor swung his wheel so quickly that Ruff was thrown against the side of the car, his head thumping painfully against the frame of the window. Before he could get his legs under him, there was a grinding crash and Ruff went hurtling through the open window.

Bruised and battered, he limped back to where the two cars were locked together. A girl was screaming something over and over again. A young man, hatless and coatless, was dragging Ruff's master from the crumpled wreck of his car. The doctor's head lolled on his shoulders, and his coat on the left side was torn and darkly stained.

Ruff darted back and forth in the young man's path, whining anxiously; but no one paid the least attention to him.

"Laura!" groaned the young man, breathing heavily. "Open the door, will you? No! The rear door. Quick! And get in so you can help me—damn it, don't stand there like that; get in the car and help me, can't you?"

Ruff tried to squeeze into the car with his master; but the young man thrust him aside without even looking at him, and slammed the door.

Tires groaning and stuttering in the dust, he pulled his car free from the entangling wreckage and went thumping and clattering down the road.

Ruff limped after it for a few yards. Then suddenly he stopped and turned back. His place was by his car; he had been taught that he must always remain there, no matter what happened, except when the car was in his own driveway.

uickly. There was a grinding crash and Ruff went hurtling through the open window.

PEASLEE WRIGHT

Curiously Ruff circled the crumpled wreck sprawled across the road. Bright bits of glass were scattered everywhere. A smell of hot metal, of hot oil, of hot rubber hung in the still air, mingled with the strong familiar scent that came from the black bag, which had fallen to the floor of the car.

Twice Ruff circled the car, but he did not jump in. Somehow, Ruff was *afraid.* He stretched his bruised body in the cool damp grass beside the road, close to the coupé, his nose pointed in the direction where the other car had disappeared. He was shaking all over and at intervals he whined.

Another car came along after a time, and stopped. But when the two men got out and came up to the wreck, Ruff was watching. He snarled at them, and they backed away.

"Doc Ross's car," muttered one of them. "God! He certainly must have smacked into something. Prob'ly spooners parked without lights; I seen one about here when I was goin' in after you. See the blood on the floor boards?"

They drove away hurriedly toward town. Other cars came along and stopped; but Ruff would let no one approach until just at dawn, when Jimmy arrived with two other men in a big red car with a curved metal beam sticking out behind.

Ruff did not like Jimmy, but he was one of Ruff's family, one of three humans Ruff obeyed.

He talked to Ruff and stroked his head while the other two men hooked iron chains to the wrecked car. Something was the matter with Jimmy; his voice was unsteady and his eyes were red. At times his hands shook suddenly and he stopped talking altogether, his face turned away.

"Hurry it up, will you, George?" he asked. "I've got to get back to—to mother. She insisted I come and get Ruff. Will it be long?"

"Couple of minutes, Jimmy. Hold everything, boy; you've *got* to." . . .

For the first time in his life, Ruff was tied up. A thin chain had been attached to his brass-studded collar and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STOCKTON MULFORD

fastened to Ruff's kennel in the shadow of the cupolaed old stable that served as the Ross garage. Almost all the fine old homes in Ellsworth had converted stables as garages.

Ruff, dozing in the shade, kept one ear half cocked for the sound of Doc's familiar heavy tread on the graveled drive. When Doc arrived he would quickly see to it that the chain was removed. Doc had never chained up Ruff, even for a day.

The chain was Jimmy's work. Ruff had run down the drive to meet several cars, just to see if Doc was in them; and then Jimmy had caught him by the collar and chained him up.

"You don't understand, old boy," he said softly. "But —you mustn't do that. It hurts to see you—looking for him."

Ruff had stared up at him reproachfully. He had never liked Jimmy since, years before, Jimmy had brought another dog home with him one day: a little short-haired black-and-white dog with cropped ears, a short bobbed tail, and a high-pitched whining voice that Ruff hated.

"I want a dog of my own," Jimmy had said when his mother protested mildly. "Ruff's out with dad all the time, and Pete won't be any bother. I'll take care of him."

So Pete had stayed, and Jimmy had paid no attention to Ruff after that. All Ruff's affection was centered on the man whose almost constant companion he was.

Dr. Ross went out on calls twice a day regularly, and frequently four or five times besides. No matter what the hour, Ruff went along.

It was a perfect companionship. Sometimes, when he was worried, Doc talked to the dog as they rode.

"I don't know about this little fellow! I hate to take any chances; but then, I'd hate to have him operated, too," he would say. Or, "It's a dog's life, Ruff. I'll just have to tell them today. There isn't a chance—not a chance."

Ruff would turn his head and cock both ears to show how hard he was trying to understand. And sometimes Doc would reach over and slap him across the shoulders and say, "Ruff, you're all right. I don't know how I'd get along without you, boy."

THAT was the way things had always been between Doc and Ruff; but now that Doc was away, Jimmy had chained him up.

The day before there had been many visitors. For an hour or more the driveway and the street before the house had been lined with cars. A group of men had stood in front of the house all that time, talking in low voices.

Then all the cars had driven away, and only Mrs. Ross, Jimmy, and a stout gray-haired woman who visited there every year had returned.

Ruff stretched and yawned. When Doc came back—

The screen door slammed, and Ruff looked up. It was Jimmy.

"Tired of being chained up, Ruff?" He reached down and scratched Ruff's head between the ears. It felt good; but Ruff only endured it.

"Ruff!" The dog glanced up inquiringly but without interest. He did not like Jimmy.

The man stared at him for a moment and slowly shook his head.

"Never forgave me for Pete, did you?" he said. "I should think you would have forgotten that long ago— but you're not the forgetting kind, are you? I guess this is going to be--to be pretty tough on you too, boy. Anyway—"

He bent over and unsnapped the chain. Ruff looked around to make sure he was free, and trotted around to the front of the house. From the porch he'd be able to see Doc the instant he turned into the drive.

There was something missing in the front yard. Ruff noticed that instantly. In the center of the patch of green before the house there had always been a sign supported by a single rusty iron rod. The sign was black on the side toward the street, with peeling gold letters on it: DR. ROSS.

The sign had been pulled up and removed. . . .

Doc was staying away a long time. Winter had come and it was spring again, and still Doc had not come back.

Jimmy had been away for months; but early in the summer he returned.

"Ruff still won't have anything to do with me, mother," he commented one drowsy summer afternoon. Ruff was stretched out at the top of the steps, watching the street, watching the cars, waiting for one to swing into the driveway. "Does he still—I mean is he still looking for dad?"

Mrs. Ross nodded and drew in a deep breath that ended in a queer little catch.

"Still looking for him," she said. "He runs out to meet every car that comes here. And then he walks back to his place. I think it's a rather wonderful tribute to your father, Jim."

"It is," Jimmy said quickly. "I'd like to be—a man like that. A man even his dog can't forget."

"You will be, Jim." The woman patted his shoulder and smiled with quick motherly pride.

"It's a tough road to travel," Jimmy said after a mo-

ment. "I've such a long way to go to get to where he was; to *be* what he was. But I'm going to try."

A car was coming down the street; it slowed down and turned into the drive. Ruff cut across the lawn at top speed, reaching the car before Jimmy.

"Hello, stranger!" said the young man in the car, opening the door. "How's the old boy after another year in the big city?"

Ruff, his forefeet on the running board, sniffed hopefully. Doc was not in this car either, nor had he been there. The strong smell of the black bag would have told Ruff that.

Slowly the dog walked back to the house, to his place on the porch. Perhaps the next car—

Doc had been gone an awfully long time.

Fall came, and Jimmy went away again. Once, that winter, a strange thing happened.

A car turned into their drive, a little muddy coupé such as Ruff had ridden in so many times with Doc. Ruff raced to meet the car, and even before he jumped up on the running board he caught the strong pungent scent of the black bag.

And there *was* a black bag. The man in the car opened the door and picked up a black bag that had been on the seat beside him. The man was not Doc, but—

"Get down, boy!" The man thrust Ruff away and hurried into the house. He was there a long time, but Ruff waited for him restlessly on the porch.

This man was not Doc, but the scent of the black bag clung to him. Perhaps—

The front door opened. The man with the black bag was talking to a woman in the doorway: one of the neighbor women.

"I think she'll be feeling fine again in a couple of days," he said cheerfully. Doc had often talked like that to people who came to the door with him—talked in that same cheerful encouraging fashion. "Keep her quiet for a time and see that she takes her medicine. If you need me, just call—but I'm sure you won't. Afternoon, Mrs. Richardson!"

Ruff trotted out to the car with him. He would like to ride again in a car like that; it would be almost like being with Doc.

But the man with the black bag brushed by and closed the door with a bang, and backed the car out of the drive with a hasty snarl of gears. Ruff watched him until he was out of sight, and then turned back to the house, walking just a bit stiffly; for Ruff was growing old and he felt the cold weather.

For weeks Ruff watched for that little muddy coupé, but it never came again. Once, later, he saw it go by without even slowing up. It was strange.

THAT spring a store opened up on the corner of the block nearest the square. It was a small store, very bright and glittery; and while people came and went in it, there was one man who seemed to be there all the time and one woman who was there afternoons. The young man wore a short white coat and the young woman a white apron.

Ruff liked that store. When the weather grew warm and the door was kept open, he would pause for a moment and sniff. There were many odors, but mingled with them was the strong familiar odor of Doc's black bag. One morning the man in the white coat spoke to him:

"Hello, boy! Old Doc Ross's dog, aren't you? How about shaking hands? Shake, boy!"

Ruff knew what was wanted of him. Doc had taught him a number of tricks, but he never had relished doing them for any one except Doc. However, he dutifully lifted his right paw, and the young man shook it gravely.

"Howdy!" he said. "I wouldn't mind having a dog like you, but I'm afraid I wouldn't have much time to enjoy you. Running a drug store, these days, takes just about all of one man's time."

A customer came in then, and Ruff trotted on home; but after that he stopped at the new store quite often. The man's name was Bob, it seemed, and the woman's name was Dora. Sometimes Dora went behind the soda fountain and unwrapped a sandwich for Ruff. Quite frequently Bob slipped him a piece of candy, which was even more welcome. Doc had given him candy frequently, but no one else had seemed to think about it.

Ruff liked Bob and Dora; but what really brought him there was the odor he could always detect, mingled with all the other scents, that was so closely associated in his mind with Doc and the black bag that had been on the little shelf behind the seat of Doc's car. It was a comforting familiar scent that stirred old memories; it helped him to remember Doc and to believe that some day he would come back.

A long time went by: summers and winters; springs and falls. The gray hairs clustered thicker and thicker on Ruff's muzzle, and his legs became stiffer, clumsier. The only thing that did not change was the curious questioning look in his brown eyes.

He spent most of his time at the drug store. Very

The old familiar scent was strong in Ruff's nostrils. Jimmy was silent, a strangely pleading look in his eyes.

few cars stopped at the house and Ruff had almost given up hope.

And then, early one morning, there was a strange commotion at home. Furniture was being taken out of the house and placed in a huge truck. Mrs. Ross was watching and giving orders, so it must be all right; but Ruff felt uneasy and disturbed. Just before the truck drove away, a car stopped in front of the house. The driver was a young man who had visited there before a number of times.

"Hate to leave, I'll bet, Aunt Nettie," he said as he picked up the bags she had placed on the porch. "I think Jimmy was crazy not to start up here in Ellsworth where he would have lots of friends, don't you? Think you'll like living over in Brighton?"

"I'll like being with Jimmy, Clyde, no matter where he is. You see, he wanted to build up his own practice, and not trade on—on his father's reputation." She got into the car and settled herself with a sigh. "Where's Ruff going to ride?"

"On the back seat with the baggage. Here, boy—come along; you're going places!" He held open the door and patted the rear seat of the car.

Rather hesitantly, Ruff stepped into the car. The door slammed shut behind him, and the young man hurried around the car.

Ruff had a trapped feeling. He whined and pressed his nose against the warm glass of the window.

Ruff watched until the house was out of sight; and as he turned he saw that Mrs. Ross had been watching too.

Her eyes were brimming and there was an uncertain twitching smile on her lips.

Late in the afternoon the car stopped in another driveway—the driveway of a square brick house covered with vines and shaded by three ancient elms.

"Think we can let Ruff out, Aunt Nettie?"

"Surely; he's too old to run away. I wonder where Jimmy is."

A short smiling little woman with very blue eyes opened the broad white door of the house and came hurrying toward the car.

"Sure and ye'll be Jimmy Ross's mother that he's been ixpectin' and talkin' about like a man daft ever since ye said ye'd come!" she said breathlessly. "I'm Missus Dwyer, who's been gettin' things in shape. He'll be broken-hearted, the poor lad, not to be here when ye drove up, but—"

Somehow Ruff knew he would never see his old home again. He would not see Bob and Dora any more, nor doze away the long afternoons in his place beside their doorway. He felt very stiff and old and discouraged, and too tired and unhappy to even investigate his new surroundings. While the people went inside, the little short woman leading the way and still talking, Ruff threw himself down in the shadow of the car and sighed wearily.

Perhaps he napped; the trip had been long and tiresome and Ruff was old. But it seemed like only a second later that the whir of other tires came down the drive, and Ruff sprang to his feet.

It was a coupé—a shiny car that glinted in the sun. As Ruff trotted toward the car, the people emerged from the house, talking and laughing gayly.

The door of the car opened. It was Jimmy who sat there behind the wheel, and he was watching Ruff. Ruff paused for an instant in disappointment, then came slowly closer.

Jimmy did not move nor speak.

A familiar scent, strong and unmistakable, cut across Ruff's nostrils. He put his forefeet on the running board, a strange invigorating eagerness thrilling him.

On the little shelf behind the seat was a black bag, old and battered, with the corners worn shiny red. From one of Jimmy's coat pockets dangled the loop of one of those strange tubes of which Ruff was afraid—that he had been punished for chewing once, a very long time ago. And the old familiar scent was strong and sweet in Ruff's nostrils.

Ruff was aware that the people who had followed him were silent, motionless; he could no longer hear them. Jimmy was silent and motionless too, and there was a strangely intent pleading look in his eyes.

SEWELL PEASLEE WRIGHT

began fiction writing about thirteen years ago with stories of the far north, which he knows well and revisits every vacation. He has had varied experience in newspaper and advertising work. His hobbies are guns, amateur radio, and motion-picture hunting.

THE muscles in Ruff's weary old hindquarters quivered. This wasn't Doc. Doc had gone away and had never come back. But here was Doc's old black bag, and here was the old familiar scent. And beside the man who waited so silently behind the wheel was a vacant place on the seat.

Ruff gathered himself slowly for the spring. Then, heavily and rather clumsily, he landed on the cushion beside the waiting Jimmy.

An arm, a strong young arm, crooked around Ruff's neck and drew him close.

"Ruff—old boy," whispered a voice over his head. And then, happily, "Mother! Do you see? Doc Ross and his dog are ready to go!"

"Ready to carry on, son," the mother said softly and proudly. "It's in your blood, just as it's in old Ruff's, there. I—I brought the old sign, Jim; *his*. You—you haven't one?"

"No. I wanted that one; I'll be prouder of that than of any shingle money could ever buy! And I'm so sorry, mother, I couldn't be here; but there was an accident and—"

"Sh-h-h!" smiled Mrs. Ross. "I was a doctor's wife long before I was a doctor's mother, son."

Slowly, arms about each other, they walked down the drive to the house. Ruff stretched out more comfortably on the seat, blinking in the level rays of the afternoon sun.

This was his place—here in this car with the black bag and a man of his household who smelled of medicine and carried a stethoscope in the pocket of his coat.

It had been a long time—but now he would ride again.

THE END

James F. Bell to Speak on Liberty Forum Broadcast on December 20

JAMES F. BELL, the man who once controlled the nation's entire flour supply, will be Liberty's guest speaker on the Forum of Liberty program to be broadcast on Thursday, December 20, over the Columbia Broadcasting System at 8.30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Mr. Bell, now chairman of the board of General Mills, Inc., was placed at the head of his industry during the war, when the nation's food supply depended on the close coöperation of all food producers. As chairman of the Milling Division of the Food Administration, it was his job to organize and supervise the production of every flour mill in the country. When the emergency passed he became treasurer of the United States Sugar Board. For his services to the Allies he was made a Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Belgium, and an officer of the French Legion of Honor.

Blank & Stoller photo

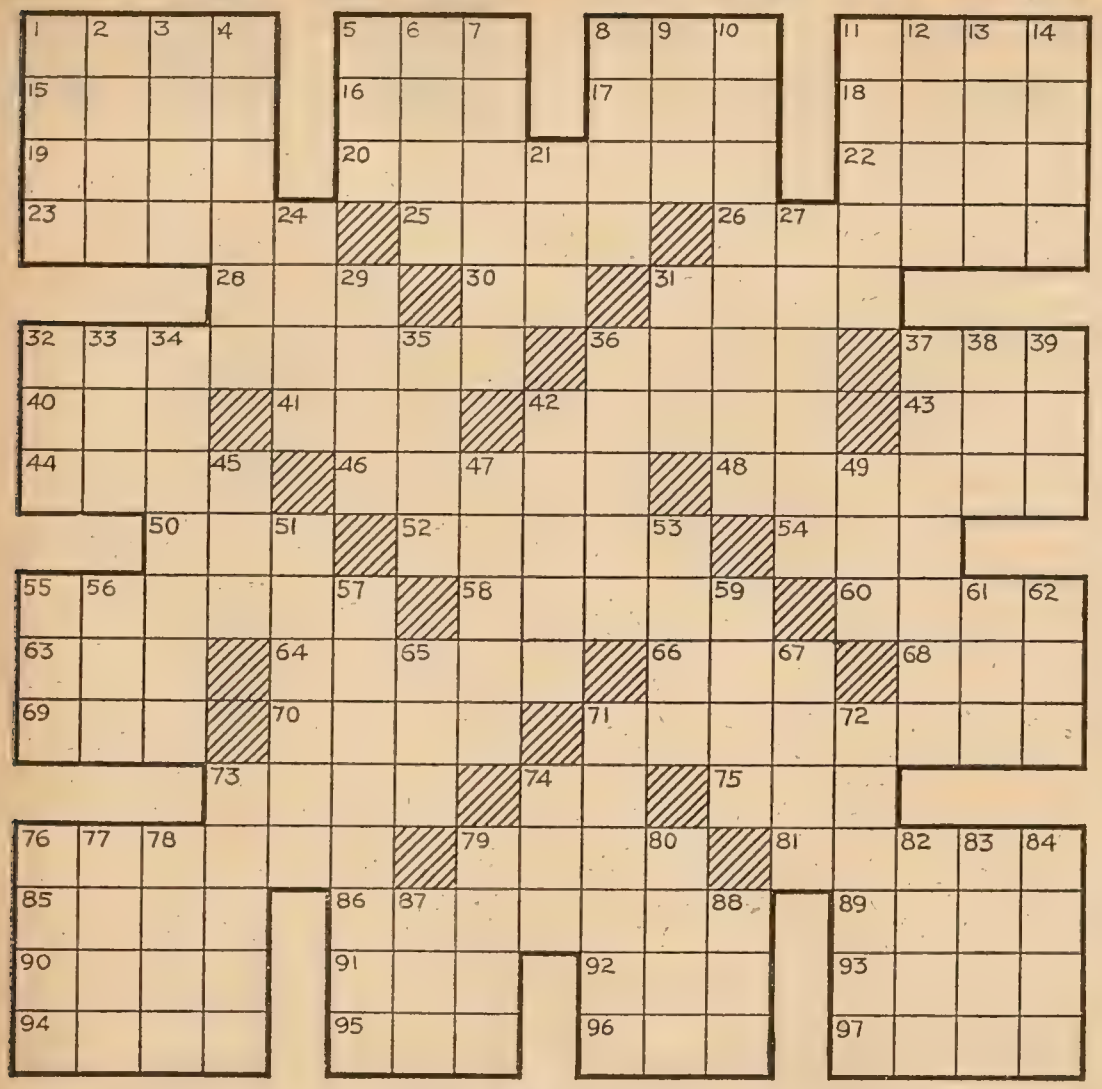
Mr. Bell is also a director of the Lehigh Valley Railroad and of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Edwin C. Hill, Liberty's commentator, will introduce Mr. Bell and will narrate the dramatic prelude to his address.

Music will be by Edward Nell, barytone, and Arnold Johnson and his orchestra.

The program will be broadcast over these stations: Akron, WADC; Albany, WOKO; Baltimore, WCAO; Boston, WNAC; Buffalo, WGR; Chicago, WBBM; Cincinnati, WKRC; Cleveland, WHK; Detroit-Windsor, CKLW; Fort Wayne, WOWO; Hartford, WDRC; Indianapolis, WFBM; Kansas City, KMBC; Louisville, WHAS; New York City, WABC; Philadelphia, WCAU; Pittsburgh, WJAS; Providence, WEAN; St. Louis, KMOX; Syracuse, WFBL; Toledo, WSPD; Washington, WJSV.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 To disturb
5 By
8 A title of respect
11 Slight quarrel
15 Wisdom
16 A constellation
17 Playing card
18 A parish in Ireland
19 A kingdom in southeast Asia
20 Revolves
22 River in Russia
23 River in Siam
25 Region of the body
26 To drink
28 Gaelic form of John
30 Not
31 A shield (variant)
32 Setting in the ground
36 Writes
37 A toy
40 Suffer illness
41 Note of Guido's scale
42 Painful places
43 A sheep
44 Assail with missiles
46 Heroic poems
48 More compact
50 Attention
52 Charger
54 Inebriate
55 Embraced
58 Terminated
60 Domesticated
63 Devoured
64 First in rank
66 Unused
68 A shade of brown
69 Man's nickname
70 Electrified particles
71 Horses in a race
73 Man's name
74 River in Italy
75 Confederate general
76 Foolish talk

PARISIENNE POD
OZONE HOOD ALE
RACKET DOG SEE
SOL SKIP NESTOR
HUES SCOT SOO
ISAAC STOW TROT
N SILO ENID SLY
GO LENINGRAD DR
LEA WENT EYES A
ERGO SNAP SATAN
IFS STAB LAST
GOLFER EROS ITS
OBI TOP SUPINE
BIT USES TAKER
STY PERSISTERS

Answer to last week's puzzle

79 Placed prostrate
81 Of birth
85 To range
86 Of pastoral simplicity
89 Variable star
90 Dash
91 And not
92 Period
93 Esau
94 Departed
95 Teamster's command
96 Lair
97 Moistens

VERTICAL

1 Contract bridge term
2 A mood
3 Persia
4 To stay
5 Parity
6 God of love
7 Rank
8 To satisfy fully
9 To frost
10 Surrendered
11 Stumps
12 Combining form: equal
13 Native of an Oriental country
14 Narrative
21 Commotion
24 Ship's officer
27 Mourns the loss of
29 River in Africa
31 Ever
32 Infant's food
33 Recline
34 Declared
35 Sleeps briefly
36 Attitudinized
37 Having made and left a will
38 To be indebted
39 Through
42 Division of a play
45 Label
47 Separate particulars in an enumeration
49 No
51 Feel depression
53 Small hollow
55 Head covering
56 American Indian
57 Talking foolishly
59 Distribute
61 To scar
62 Printer'smeasure (pl.)
65 Those in political power
67 A bird
71 Stained
72 Worked as a teamster
73 An occurrence
74 Comrade
76 Depicted
77 Assumed part
78 A sixteenth-century czar of Russia
79 Stringed instrument
80 Dreadful
82 The natural tendency of events
83 In a line or rank
84 Beats (slang)
87 A deer
88 A container

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"SHARPEST BLADE I've ever used"

says DIZZY DEAN of Probak

NOW! PROBAK JUNIOR 25 blades for 59¢

Also Trial Package of 4 Blades For 10c At Your Dealer

DEAR "DIZZY" DEAN:

Thanks for the compliment. And now that you're a Probak fan, you'll be glad to know about Probak Jr.—the wonderful new double-edge razor blade that brings you real shaving comfort at a record low price. Imagine getting 25 keen, smooth-shaving blades, backed by the Gillette name, for 59¢!

Probak Jr. is the product of unequalled manufacturing methods and skill. It is automatically tempered, honed and stropped to give you a degree of shaving comfort never before obtainable at such a low price. Get Probak Jr. today—from your dealer.

Probak Junior is a product of Gillette and fits all Gillette and Probak razors

MORE $5 HISTORICAL PICTURES PRIZE WINNERS

Mrs. F. M. Smith, Duncanville, Ala.; Henry M. Smith, Everett, Mass.; Mary L. Smith, San Antonio, Tex.; Jessie B. Sparhawk, Beaver, Pa.; Violet Spaulding, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Harold P. Stephens, Canisteo, N. Y.; Mrs. James H. Stone, Vermilion, Ohio.; Herbert W. Susmann, Kenmore, N. Y.; Grace A. Sykes, Baltimore, Md.; Philip E. Taber, Hartford, Conn.; Ethel A. Tashman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Helen Jane Tauke, Dyersville, Ia.; Olive L. Thomas, Urbana, Ohio; Mrs. Marie Thompson, Winder, Ga.; Althea Thurston, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Vox

HELL'S BREW

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The next major political struggle in sight is the fight to liberalize the Solid South. Already minions of the conservative press are making up to the Southern die-hard Senators in order to create a fresh bulwark against reform or revolutionary changes.

Under the normal course of politics, the most determined resistance to the next phase of the New Deal will come from people like Glass and Byrd, Smith, Gore, and Fletcher, Talmadge of Georgia, etc. If they go far enough in their resistance, the administration will be compelled to play ball with Long and Bilbo and will have to turn Farley loose in the Southern primaries to insure the election of Southern New Dealers.

I have just been talking to a relief investigator returned from North Carolina. Conditions in the mill towns are ghastly beyond belief—women fainting and men dying of heart failure between the looms, due to the " stretch-out " system; whole populations going feeble-minded and insane from pellagra; and the mill owners and upper classes blindly indifferent to the facts and their significance.

Roosevelt is worshiped by the common people down there, and they rely on him to help them. They no longer have the will or the power to help themselves and the recent textile strike was for them a ghastly tragedy. Northern organizations came in, called a strike, ducked and ran, leaving the workers to face the fire of the militia and the long-drawn revenge of the mill owners, who regard union organization as equivalent to Bolshevism.

There is a hell's brew being prepared in the Solid South, and it is far more likely to take the form of complete moral, physical, and economic prostration than anything else. The South needs a Twenty-Year Plan of rehabilitation, health control, food and diet reform, and social reconstruction.

Note that Huey Long, who is seldom wrong on popular issues in his region, has come out for a debt moratorium. That's an idea which will spread rapidly unless the administration succeeds in convicting him on income tax or some other peccadillo. — *" Senator Brandywine," State of Suspense.*

MAYBE HE WANTED TO SEE HIS NAME IN PRINT

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—To Whitie Bedros (November 17 Vox Pop): If you think Vox Pop is just a bunch of sissies, what are you crashing the party for?—*Mary E. Ralston.*

IMAGE OF HIS MOTHER

CLEVELAND, OHIO — Congratulations on Philip Wylie's splendid story, Re-Employment Engineer, in November 17 Liberty.

Since it deals with a timely social problem and has as its background the helpful ministrations of the Church, it is the kind of story he is peculiarly fitted to write.

It was my privilege to know the Wylie family very well. Philip's father, E. Melville Wylie, was one of the best known and most loved of Cleveland ministers some twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Wylie was talented along literary lines. Philip was the image of his mother and quite the idol of the congregation. He was exceedingly bright.—*Harriet Batdorff.*

LIBERTY HAS—EVERYTHING

TORONTO, ONT.—Canada likes Liberty and Canada buys Liberty. The reason is obvious. Liberty has stories, articles, features — everything. — *Edward L. Bellsmith.*

IF WE DO NOT PREPARE—

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, The Poison of Pacifism May Destroy Our Nation, in November 24 Liberty, read to me like a warning from the founders of our great country who were inspired by that divine influence that rescued them from the persecution of foreign masters.

When crazy European nations go to war again, let them fight it out among themselves.

We do not want war, but for the sake of our children and our children's children, let us be prepared to fight the world if necessary.

I am long past my seventy-fifth year and will not be here to see it. *But if we do not prepare the end is near.*—*James R. Stratford.*

CAN WE ABOLISH WAR?

ANNAPOLIS, MD.—The best answer to Herman Bernstein's article, Can We Abolish War? in November 17 Liberty is, in my opinion, an emphatic No. No matter how hard a pacifist may try, he can never rid the world of the desire for power that all ambitious persons have.

The only certain way to avoid war is for this country to build up an army and navy second to none and show foreign powers that we are not to be meddled with. — *L. E. Schmidt, Midshipman, U. S. N.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I believe war could be abolished through the establishment of a world peace compact in which the leading powers agreed that any nation could build up whatever defense it desired, but all powers would abide by a two-thirds majority vote in the settlement of their international grievances.—*Albert Thompson.*

WACO, TEX.—World peace can only come, as in the days of the Cæsars and the Incas, when one race conquers and enslaves all the others. But who wants peace at that price?—*Frank Bryan.*

ARE SOME PREACHERS "PARLOR PINKS"?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, a prominent New York pastor, is reported as declaring that he would never again lend moral or physical support to *any kind* of a war.

His statement seemingly echoes the sentiment of a great host of pacifists, preachers, politicians, secretaries, and " parlor pinks."

What would Dr. Fosdick and others do if they were to see our country threatened by invading armies, their own wives and daughters about to be ravished by alien soldiers, and their cherished ideals of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness challenged in a concrete way by the forces of despotism? —*C. C. Crawford, Minister, Metropolitan Christian Church.*

NAUGHTY

MANCHESTER, CONN.—I sometimes wonder if we realize how naughty we are. Practically every person who smokes could be arrested. For nine people out of ten tear off a neat corner and remove the cigarettes from the package, one by one, without " destroying said stamp, under the penalties provided by law in such cases."—*S. L. J.*

MYSTERY AND MURDER

RIVERSIDE, N. J.—While a national drive is on to clean up the movies, there is to my mind a more serious menace to the morals of our children than the screen. That is the radio.

Just listen between 5 and 8 P. M. to the radio programs of supposedly bedtime stories for kiddies. The Three Little Pigs, Red Riding-hood, and Br'er Rabbit have been replaced by stories filled with mystery and murder.

Our good self-appointed morals censors are not blind to the movies but they must be deaf to the radio.—*Harry Bauer.*

LEXINGTON, KY.—If you want something to really worry about, listen to some of our current events news commentators on the radio.—*Thomas Harborne.*

APPLEJACK

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. — Clark Davis makes the statement in November 17 Vox Pop, " Any one but a lady would know applejack is distilled and not brewed." I am not a lady, but I know that applejack must ferment before it is distilled. It may be consumed in this state, and is intoxicating.—*I. Davie.*

SOMEWHERE IN JERSEY—The original applejack is obtained from cider. The cider is frozen, and the ice removed. This leaves the alcohol, which does not freeze, to do what you please with.—*Moonshiner.*

DOCTOR DID NOT DO WRONG

JOPLIN, MO.—I do not agree with E. K. of Victoria, B. C., when he or she wrote (in November 17 Vox Pop) that a doctor in Oakland did wrong in bringing a child into this world after its mother had died of her labor. A baby becomes attached to whoever attends it, provided, of course, the necessary love and kindness are never missing. And the same treatment throughout that child's life will have just as much influence and effect on its future as any its mother could have bestowed.—*Walter O. Parr.*

Pop

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I am connected with an organization studying the social history and caring for the medical problems of a very large group of families. At a recent roundup or examination of orphans from the many orphanages here, it was surprising to find such healthy youngsters. Their teeth were in excellent condition, their throats free from infected tonsils, and they were above average weight.

A comparison with a similar group of children under parental supervision failed miserably in a physical examination.—*Dr. R.*

MENTOR, OHIO—I wonder if E. K. is aware that only about ten per cent of mothers are capable of rearing their children properly. I believe all infants, when born, should immediately be placed in scientifically operated state institutions. In this way we should have fewer criminals and less human misfits.—*Roy J. Leckrone.*

[Others who wrote in disagreeing with E. K. included Mrs. D. F. Henschel, San Francisco, Calif.; George D. Graham, Portland, Ore.; D. C., Flint, Mich.; Mrs. Marjorie Horne, Tucson, Ariz.; and A. B. C., Wilmington, Del.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

GIVE A GUESS

OLD GREENVILLE, CONN.—Would you kindly forward me the following information: Is Beverly Hills a man or a woman?—*Anita Papageorge.*

WHEN FATHER DOES THE WORK

CENTRALIA, WASH.—M. Malila, Juneau, Alaska, in November 17 Vox Pop states that this is an electric age and there's no more work left for the women in the house. What a wise guy!

For the past sixty days my wife has been helpless in bed with rheumatism, and in addition to my regular work at the office I've been chief cook and housekeeper at home.

We are almost 100 per cent electrically equipped, but I would like to see M. Malila get up and get breakfast for himself and three children, get them off to school, work at the office all day, drive nine miles each way, cook dinner in the evening for the bunch, sweep the floors, dust the furniture, do the ironing, sort out clothing for the weekly wash, and a hundred other things.

My wife has gained considerable respect in my eyes during the last couple of months.—*W. Harrison.*

HIGHLY EMBARRASSING

LANCASTER, PA.—Letters in recent Vox Pops from girls whose fathers spank them remind me of my own highly embarrassing experience. I worked until a few months ago as a model in a large New York store, and met a man who started to rush me. One night I had just finished dressing to go out and meet him when, in answering a ring at the bell, a heavy-set woman pushed into my apartment announcing she was my friend's wife.

Without further ado, she picked up a wire coat hanger, got me struggling over her knee, pulled up a green velvet dress I was wearing, and spanked me until I bawled.

Then she departed without another word, and the next day I left New York for home.—*A.*

HOW ABOUT IT, DR. WIGGAM?

MOOSE JAW, SASK.—In October 27 Vox Pop, Gladys Avery Maddock wrote that college graduates can, and many do, belong to the less intelligent class.

Where does the lady get her information?

I thought a person must have an intelligence somewhat over the average to graduate from a college. If you don't believe me, ask Dr. Wiggam.—*Corky.*

READING TIME IS LIMITED

VANCOUVER, B. C.—For people like myself, whose reading time is limited and who dislike leaving a story or an article unfinished, I think it would be of great assistance if you would include the "reading time" for each article in the index. Then we could pick out a story accordingly, without having to thumb through the entire magazine.—*Carl E. Larson, Bell & Mitchell, Ltd., Insurance and Financial Agents.*

UTICA, N. Y.—Regardless of the interest involved in any story in Liberty, I am always sure to find that dependable

By BILL HOLMAN

"Good grief—it froze up and busted last night!"

preceding it. But since when has it become any of Liberty's business how long it takes me to read a story?—*Al Barbano.*

GOAL POSTS ON THE LINE

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—Arthur Smith, who did the cover of November 17 Liberty, doesn't know his football fields. By the five-yard lines in Mr. Smith's picture, the field is only 60 yards long instead of the regulation 100. The artist also put the goal posts upon the goal line instead of back in the end zone where they belong.—*D. Flodin.*

A TIP FOR BEST-STORIES-OF-THE-YEAR

NEW YORK, N. Y.—You probably will not be surprised to know that one of your readers found Edith Wharton's Roman Fever in November 10 Liberty great reading. I liked the illustrations by Earl Somers Cordrey which went with it, too.

With more power to Liberty—*Dr. Roderick Bissell Jones.*

ST. ALBANS, N. Y.—The Subtle Crime, written by Rita Weiman in November 17 Liberty, was one of the best stories you have published in a year.—*Ethel F.*

"WOULD YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW A MR. FERGUSON?"

OTTAWA, ONT.—Some day I am going to publish a book solely for Canadians, and I vow it will be a best-seller. The title will be Answers by Intelligent Americans on Canadian Subjects.

I have been genuinely amused at the lack of knowledge displayed by Americans concerning Canadian life. For some of them, Canadians never gaze upon a thermometer reading above the zero mark; to others, Canadians are a hardy people who go about on snowshoes and kill wild and ferocious beasts upon the doorsteps of their cabins. Truthfully, the only wild beasts I have ever seen were in circuses and the Bronx Zoo in New York City.

In September 29 Liberty a supposedly well educated woman, Princess Kropotkin, wrote in part, "Canada is still more or less a land of pioneers." Princess Kropotkin seems under the same illusion a great majority of United States citizens are, namely, that Canada's provinces are merely snow-bound outposts of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Americans and Princess Kropotkin should brush up on geography. In this way they will not ask such absurd questions as was asked in Syracuse: "So you're from Canada. Would you happen to know a Mr. Ferguson up there?"—*One of the Snowshoers.*

TO THE LADIES!

by
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

I WANT to tell you about a talk I had the other day with my boss, Bernarr Macfadden. Because Christmas belongs first of all to young people, I think Mr. Macfadden's ideas for the development of American youth will be the best Christmas message I can hand on to you.

"In times like these," he said, "young people need health and strength more than ever. They need every possible alertness to survive the grinding struggle of life today."

Get away from monotony, Bernarr Macfadden warns us. In his work for underprivileged youth, begun with the American Legion during his recent campaign through Alabama, he takes action against monotony of exercise, monotony of food, and monotony of thought.

Wild Indian games instead of formal calisthenics. Mr. Macfadden would like to see us all climb off our high horses and play kid games out of doors. Fun and fresh air instead of gymnasium dignity.

"Too much dignity," he says, "leads to gout and dyspepsia."

Born on a small Missouri farm, my boss remembers all the sensations of being young and very poor. Christmas brought him perhaps an orange or two—nothing more. "They looked so pretty," he recalls, "that I felt it was wrong, somehow, to eat them."

At his home this winter Mr. Macfadden is reconditioning twenty-five undernourished boys from relief agencies. If you could have seen these boys when they first came to him—and if you could see them now—I know you would say that for them this Christmas will indeed be a *miracle Christmas.*

BERNARR MACFADDEN

MEN wearing their Christmas-gift neckties ought to fall hard for the following vanity test. It was thought up by Edith Evans, English actress now playing over here. Work it like this: First get a stooge to remark how much more vain women are than men. Now take a glance at all the boys. Take a good long glance.

Then say:

"I guess that's true. Men can't be as vain as we girls are, because *the handsomest man* in this room right now has his necktie twisted way up on one side."

Ten to one you'll see every man in the room feel of his tie!

AN interesting survey seems to show that girls of sweet sixteen (or seventeen, or eighteen) are just as sweet as they used to be, if not sweeter. We now are assured that the average first-year college girl seldom smokes, doesn't drink, rarely eats between meals, does not take too much tea or coffee, prefers fruit to candy, is fond of knitting and hot baths.

Girls from more than a dozen different states supplied the data for this research recently made among the freshman class at Barnard College, so you see the result represents a fair cross section of the country.

Good little girls!

Nice little girls!

They deserve something special for Christmas.

LUMINOUS earrings that shine green in the dark—like *go-ahead* traffic lights—are featured among new tricks for the coming year in Europe. Our importers haven't brought them over yet, as far as I can learn, but I'm sure they'll be along. All foreign novelties get here sooner or later.

No, you can't change the light of these earrings from green to red. They don't provide any *stop* signal—so look out who you're with when you wear them!

NO official Santa Claus census ever has been taken, but there must be quite a few thousand of them on public display now in their red-flannel suits and whiskers that do not fit. Their tribe, I hear, has penetrated even to far-away South America, where Santa Claus never was a Christmas tradition and still isn't. The first South American Santa Claus appeared in Brazil. Within half an hour he was arrested for obstructing traffic.

Gendarmes carted him off unceremoniously to the lockup, whence somebody had to bail him out.

YOUNGSTERS interested in science will like Lillian Rifkin's book, Our Planet the Earth: Then and Now. (Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.)

FINISH your Christmas bird in holiday style. Serve the last remnants of Mr. Gobbler or Mrs. Hen deliciously wrapped up in hot French pancakes.

Mix 1 cup minced turkey or chicken, 1 cup minced ham, ½ cup chopped pecan nuts, and the beaten whites of 2 eggs.

Add salt, paprika, a pinch of poultry seasoning. Make your French pancakes thin.

Spread the mixture on them, roll up, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, set in buttered fireproof dish, and bake 5 minutes in moderate oven. Giblet gravy, please. Fresh green salad on the side.

Preparations

From an old Christ Church (Oxford) manuscript

Yet if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say 'I'll be your guest tomorrow night,'
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! 'Let no man idle stand!'

'Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;
See they are fitted all;
Let there be room to eat
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

'Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'erhead,
The cushions on the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!'
Thus, if a king were coming, would we do;
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven;
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

Murder of Dr. Casanova

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

"What makes you think I didn't kill both of them? Maybe you do think it?"

WHO killed Dr. Dennis O'Day? Jason Jones, a friend of the handsome dashing victim and of the latter's brother, Dr. Angelo O'Day, is trying to solve the mystery.

Dr. Dinny's body, with the skull crushed in, was found beside his car on the Rome road before dawn by Jonathan Van Winkle, a farmer who had been awakened by the whinnying of a fractious mare. The murder instrument had vanished. Jason, hurrying to the scene, picks up a jeweled clip resembling a Swiss chalet.

Williams, a Utica jeweler, tells Jones he made four such clips for Dinny, who gave them in turn to Celia Townsend (whom Jason secretly loves), Primrose Evans, Mrs. Lila Gay Gibson, and Mary Van Winkle, daughter of the farmer. Jason sets out to learn which one owns the clip he found. Celia Townsend has her clip, but Jason discovers that her father hated Dinny. Mrs. Gibson supposedly departed for Reno two hours before the murder. But in three diaries kept by the victim, and turned over to Jason by Dinny's Aunt Harriet, a rivalry between the doctor brothers for Lila's favors is revealed. Jason recalls that there was tar oil on the Rome road, and that Angelo washed tar oil off his car after the killing. A fourth diary disappears.

Primrose Evans also has her clip; but her brother, Llewellyn, violently opposed Dinny. She commits suicide. Mary Van Winkle has her clip. She claims she was working at the O'Day Press, owned by Aunt Hat, at the time of the murder, but admits she saw the body in the road later. Collins, a gas-station attendant, says he saw Dinny in his car with a woman; then saw Dinny driving alone shortly before he was killed. Police find Lila Gibson's strangled body near where Dinny's body was found, and her clip is pinned to her dress. That makes a fifth clip unidentified.

Jason encounters Celia Townsend in Dinny's camp, recovering some letters, then discovers a plot to wreck Aunt Hat's O'Day Press.

PART SIX—"I KNOW WHO KILLED THE DOCTOR"

A GENTLE evening wind rustled over the porch, flicking at the Sunday papers, which chattered among themselves. The breeze lifted Jason's hair and twirled it this way and that. He was thinking only of the delight of that cool caress when a car disengaged itself from the passing stream on the street and turned into the driveway. Jason looked up sharply and for a single instant thought the driver was Dinny.

Aunt Hat opened the porch door.

"Come in and get your supper," said she. "Angelo just came in through the back door."

Jason extracted himself from the chair.

"You're a regular dear, Aunt Harriet," he observed.

"Wash your hands—they probably need it," was her retort; "and there is soufflé, so don't take too long."

Jason, for some reason unexplained to the others, was more light-hearted than he had been since Dinny's death. Supper was a cheerful meal. Even Angelo brightened from his dark abstraction for a few moments.

Aunt Hat related to Jason the latest episode of her long-standing feud with old Mr. Risley next door. It was a warfare greatly enjoyed by the elderly widower and Miss O'Day, and was carefully fed from time to time when it seemed to grow moribund. Aunt Hat told the tale with relish, and Jason hooted at the details involving garden boundaries, choice seedlings, and Miss O'Day's black cat George versus Mr. Risley's white poodle Fluff.

When they rose from the table, the doctor made for the library; but Jason stopped him:

"Could I have a moment with you, Angelo?"

"Certainly; come on in for a pipeful."

They settled in the deep leather chairs. The high room, always dim and cool in summer, smelled faintly of the old calfskin books lining the walls. The two men sat and smoked a few moments in companionable silence. Then Jason spoke: "Angelo, I think I'm giving up my investigations."

Angelo was relighting his pipe. At Jason's words he paused, flaring match in air. "You mean about Dinny," he said in a moment, puffing vigorously.

The Story of a Man Who Loved Too Many Women—A Vivid Tale of Secret Amours and a Mysterious Nemesis

by LUCILE ANETEL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HENRY

"Yes. I've accumulated a good deal of information, some relevant, some possibly irrelevant, but the gaps are too big for me to fill in. I may as well confess failure now as later. My personal opinion is that the facts about Dinny's—about that night—will never be known."

"It certainly doesn't seem very near solution," Angelo agreed. "But that's not your fault, Jason. It's been a peculiarly involved affair from the start. Two people dead, no witnesses, no weapon, no motive. You've done your best and I am grateful." Angelo looked steadily at the carpet while he spoke.

"Then, if we are agreed, I think I'll run down to New York and talk to a South American who's been bombarding me with letters for a week."

"A new job?"

"It may be. A big cotton grower from Peru thinks there's something rotten in the state of Denmark, if you don't object to mixed hemispheres."

Jason started the two hundred and fifty-odd miles from Utica to New York early Monday morning. The weather was clear and cool, ideal for driving. Week-end traffic was over and the wide roads were comparatively empty.

But, for all he realized, it might have been raining or snowing. Although he was leaving Utica behind him as fast as the wheels of his car could turn, his mind was still back there, busy with his hard-won bits of information. Selecting this, rejecting that, to carry out a theory—only in the end to cast aside the whole idea and try a new one. It all seemed hopeless.

Why had Dinny had *one* clip made by a jeweler other than his usual one?

Who was the fifth woman?

What did Aunt Hat think? What did she know? Jason went over again the little scene when he told her he was leaving. She had been writing letters in her room when he knocked at the door.

SEATED before the towering secretary, she looked like a Spartan castaway surrounded by black-walnut icebergs. "Certainly walnut is old-fashioned," she would say crisply when the boys laughed at it, "but so am I; and I've sense enough and years enough to suit myself."

Jason had told her he had decided to go to New York, that he felt he couldn't go on with the case. Angelo was willing to have it closed, and what did she think?

Aunt Hat had looked thoughtfully out of the window before she said slowly, "I don't know but what it's just as well."

"Then we are agreed to drop it," Jason had stated. "But tell me, Aunt Hat, just between us, do you know who did it?"

A minute passed before her deliberate answer came: "No, I don't know—exactly." Then, looking at him curiously, "Do you?"

And Jason had answered: "No—not exactly."

Later, when she had been helping him pack, he had said to her suddenly, "Aunt Harriet, did you ever come across Dinny's last diary again?"

She had stopped to pick up the shoes she dropped, and then turned to him a little pink from exertion. "You know, that was the strangest thing," she said brightly. "I went down cellar to burn some rubbish the other day, and there in the ashes were the covers of that diary. Some one had burned it!"

"That certainly was very peculiar," observed Jason dryly. But he eyed Aunt Hat's back with an unwilling admiration. "She's a grand old party," he thought. "Dinny didn't know what a good friend he had in her."

At Mount Vernon he put the car in a garage and went to the city by train. He went directly to the Lafayette, where his usual room awaited him.

The succeeding week was spent in a luxury of idleness—

a few summer revues, a roof garden or so, and two or three perfect little dinners.

Some of the dinners were in company with the Peruvian gentleman, Señor Ramos, a fat and grizzled person with exquisite manners, who made his short rotundity seem like six feet, such was his dignity.

Jason had written Aunt Hat a "bread-and-butter" letter and given his New York address. Nevertheless he was greatly surprised to find a wire from her the Saturday after he had left Utica.

It was typically Aunt Hattish:

DONT YOU EVER READ THE PAPERS STOP POT STARTING TO BOIL AGAIN STOP BETTER RETURN UTICA

Before answering the telegram Jason sought out the stand at Times Square where out-of-town papers were sold. The latest Press they had was Thursday's. He took it back to the hotel and in his room scanned it thoroughly before he found what he wanted on the editorial page.

The O'Day case was hotly discussed. According to the article, not only the editor but Utica as a whole was disapproving of the feeble efforts made to solve such an important murder. The conduct of the whole case certainly reflected no glory on the Police Department. The police had been "helped" by a young stranger, a guest at the O'Day home, by the name of Jason Jones. Strangely enough, he had been the first on the scene after the doctor's body had been discovered by Van Winkle; and he also was the one to identify Mrs. Gibson when he and the police found her body two days later. It was suggested that a few inquiries be made about this zealous young man who had been so eager to assist the police and who had since disappeared.

Jason lay back in his chair and hooted. "So I did it myself and was just a-leadin' 'em on!" Still chortling, he rang for a telegraph boy and sent the following wire:

CANT YOU CLEAR ME OR MUST I APPEAR IN PERSON AND OUTRAGE

But his peace of mind was shattered. That evening at dinner, that night in bed, the contradictions and riddles of the upstate murders teased him unceasingly.

Next morning another telegram arrived. Jason read it, chuckling at the phrasing, and read it again, taking in the serious implications. It said:

AS IF ANY ONE NEEDED TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR SKIN STOP YOU ARE LEAST OF TROUBLES HERE STOP MARY VAN WINKLE ARRESTED FOR MURDER STOP RETURN AT ONCE

It was signed "Aunt Harriet."

"My God, what a bungle!" Jason groaned. "Or has some new evidence come up? Could she possibly have—"

He was galvanized into action. Shaving materials, shirts, socks, and ties were bundled pell-mell into the worn Gladstone. A stop at the desk, a taxi to the station, then the train to Mount Vernon. A bit of breakfast fortified him while his car was being watered and groomed for the return trip; and Jason was headed north in the car by ten o'clock.

HE drove fast and steadily, and six o'clock found him drawing up before the O'Day home.

The screen door was locked, so Jason gave the bell the three short rings which had always announced him to Aunt Hat. It was only an instant before hurried footsteps sounded on the stairs, and at the sight of his dusty weary figure she exclaimed, "My dear boy, is it really you?"

She opened the door, drew him in, and pecked him on the cheek all in a breath.

"Come right to your room," she said, leading the way upstairs. "I ought never to have let you go at all."

"What's it all about, Aunt Hat?" asked Jason. But Aunt Hat vanished downstairs again, murmuring about dinner.

Angelo was on a late call and did not come in until the others were finishing dinner. He greeted Jason with enthusiasm. "It's good you're back. You'd better stay months this time. Something seems to happen directly you leave. What do you think of Utica's Finest now?"

Aunt Hat answered Angelo herself: "I wouldn't tell him before he'd eaten and I hoped by then you'd be home."

"Yes; I threatened, coaxed, and sulked, but she was adamant," grinned Jason. "Absence has weakened my power, alas!"

Aunt Harriet tweaked his ear. "We will sit with Angelo while he eats, and you may listen—for once! As you know," she began, "we rather wanted to end the investigation. It seemed so hopeless. Nothing new came up, and the police were just pawing over stale clues, needlessly prolonging the agony for all of us. But instead of letting it peter out naturally, that dolt Donovan had to let it in the paper that 'the O'Days preferred to close the investigation.' That sounded bad and naturally gave the wrong impression. It also gave some young sprig on the paper a chance for what he probably thought was a 'flaming editorial.'"

"And was Aunt Harriet mad!" Angelo broke in, laughing in spite of himself.

"THAT'S all right, Angelo. You weren't any too pleased yourself. If I remember rightly, I heard you say something about—"

"Now stop your bickering, children, and let Uncle Jason hear the rest."

"Well, Donovan was called in on the carpet next. By the time the chief let him go he was afraid for his job and convinced that an arrest—any arrest—was imperative."

"Why didn't he pick on me?" Jason asked. "I was mentioned prominently in the paper."

"Don't be ridiculous," retorted Aunt Hat, picking up the purring George. "Every one knows that was just some of that fool reporter's balderdash. But Donovan did feel he must arrest a suspect. So the next thing Angelo heard was that the Van Winkle girl was being questioned and that she could produce no alibi. I knew right then what would come and sent you the first wire, and, sure enough, I found out that her arrest was practically certain."

"Tell Jason how you found out," put in Angelo with a twinkle.

"He told me," said Aunt Hat defensively.

"She called Donovan," Angelo chuckled, "yesterday afternoon, and asked him to come right up here. She told him she had something very important to tell him, so he hurried up goggle-eyed, only to hear a lecture on making a fool of himself."

Aunt Hat bridled. "Well, I tried to talk sense into him, but he's a very stubborn man. He kept saying Mary Van Winkle had no alibi and until she cleared herself he'd keep an eye on her. I finally had to let him go. Then I sent the night letter to you."

"Then when was the arrest made?" asked Jason.

"This morning," Angelo replied.

"Then, this afternoon," Aunt Hat resumed, "her father came here to see Angelo."

"Old Pop Van Winkle?"

"Yes. He had just heard from Mary at the police station and was about distracted. I had him sit down and gave him a cup of tea while we waited for Angelo. His hands were shaking so he could hardly drink. He told me that he felt Dinny had been very unkind to them since he died, and that it seemed strange, because they'd always liked him so much." Her eyes were bright with unshed tears for a minute before she continued: "It made my blood creep to hear him go on. I shouldn't wonder if the shock of Mary's arrest would make him ill if something isn't done right away."

"It was pathetic," Angelo agreed. "When I came in he was walking up and down the living room muttering, and even Aunt Hat looked scared. He said he had something to tell. He insisted hysterically that everything was all his fault—he was a wicked old man and this trouble of Mary's was his punishment."

"Poor old codger," commented Jason. "What did he mean?"

"We couldn't get anything out of him. We mentioned that we'd sent for you, and after that he wouldn't say a word. He closed right up and said if Mr. Jones were coming he'd wait; Mary wouldn't mind waiting that much longer. I questioned him, and hinted, and tried to pick

his mind; but all he'd say was that he knew who had been to blame and it was all his fault. I asked if he didn't want to go to the police with his story, but he didn't even bother to answer. He doesn't like Donovan, and thinks no one but you can get Rip out."

"Has the girl a lawyer?" questioned Jason.

"Of sorts. A young man just starting in to practice. Borden is his name. But, when I stopped in at the jail just before I came home, she hadn't seen him and wouldn't. 'What's the use?' was all that she would say."

"I think I'll go and see Rip now," said Jason thoughtfully.

"If you are going down there, wait a minute," Aunt Hat directed, and disappeared.

Jason waited at the front door until she reappeared with a small basket. A fringed linen napkin lay neatly over the top.

"I just fixed her a little home lunch," she said. "She probably won't eat a mouthful of what she gets there, and I don't blame her." She followed Jason out to the porch. "Don't waste time," she urged.

"We must get her out before—any one else—shows his hand."

"Yes," muttered Aunt Hat. "Yes. That's why I got you back here. I'm afraid, Jason."

"So am I."

A few minutes later Jason drew his car to a halt before the spick-and-span jail and went in. The night warden, Griffith, was on duty.

The Van Winkles had just left their daughter, Griffith told him. The father had seemed upset when he came in and Mrs. Van Winkle rather hysterical; but Mary had evidently calmed them both, for when they departed they seemed more normal.

"A pity a mistake like this was ever made," Jason commented.

"Yes, it seems to me as if it might be a mistake, too; but it hasn't been easy for the police. The papers were all laughing at us, when they weren't hinting something worse! It's hard to keep a cool head under such a lot of criticism. Too bad the girl can't prove an alibi. She can't, you know."

"WELL, we hope to have her straightened out very soon; and may I see her a few minutes?"

"Come around through here. Is this your basket?"

"Yes. Miss O'Day sent down some food."

"She's quite a woman, Miss Harriet is—salt of the earth!" Griffith exclaimed admiringly.

Jason followed him in silence.

"She's in this room," Griffith said. "It's as nice as we've got and doesn't seem so bad as the cells."

They passed a matron sitting at her desk, hemming dish towels by her green-shaded lamp. Griffith spoke to her briefly and indicated the door, on which Jason knocked. After a pause he knocked again.

"Come in," came faintly.

He entered and closed the door after him. The room was fairly large, but furnished cheerlessly with a cot, a little suitcase stand, a table, and three straight chairs. Over everything hung a faint smell of disinfectant against which the air from the barred window struggled in vain.

The girl sat in one of the little chairs by the window, staring out into the sunset. She turned as Jason entered. "Oh, Jason Jones, I'm so glad—so glad—" Her voice broke. She was very pale, with dark circles under her eyes, and Jason noted a certain unnatural dilation of the pupils which betrayed her nervousness.

"I'm so sorry about all this!" he began.

SHE turned back to the window. "Would you mind if I take all that for granted? I've just had rather a time convincing mother and father that it's no one's fault—that it just happened—and I don't think I can go all through it again. I'm sorry if I seem rude."

"Be rude if you'd feel better. I don't mind."

"Father wants to see you," Rip said. "He has something to tell you—something he thinks will change everything. I hated to discourage him but—"

"Young woman," he chided, "you'd better hate to discourage him—and me. I'm your young Lochinvar who's come out of the east. The minute I learned you were in durance vile I stayed not for stick and I stopped not for stone."

"Did you"—she twinkled a bit—"did you swim the broad Hudson where ford there was none?"

"But there *was* a Ford, child. That's what I came in. Now I think of it, I'm not your young Lochinvar. I'm the god from the machine."

Rip was serious again. "It was good of you to come, Jason Jones. Comfort my dad if you can. But as for me, I'm jinxed. Dinny's still following me. I didn't even kill an albatross, yet Dinny O'Day has hung one around my neck ever since I met him."

Jason ignored her despair. "Think," he begged. "Can't you remember stopping somewhere for gas, or speaking to somebody? Can't you think of some small detail that would make you remembered that night?"

"Do you suppose I haven't worn my wits out over it? The last person I saw was Tod Brown when I left him at the post office. That was a quarter of three—ample time for me to have got out there and—done it." She shuddered. "The fact that I didn't, and that it must have happened just before I passed, doesn't do a thing for me. I was in such a state of exhaustion I can't even tell whether I met a car or saw any one. It's thin but it's the truth."

"They can't do a thing on such negative evidence," Jason said consolingly. "They haven't a blessed charge against you that would convince a child."

"Oh, haven't they?" Rip answered drearily. "I could build up a story against myself right now that would

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convince twelve good men and true. I loved Dinny. He let me down. I quarreled with Lila. They were killed near my house. It was known that I had planned to go home that night. I did go home. I saw him right after—I have no alibi! What makes *you* think I didn't kill both of them? Maybe you do think it?"

"Would I be here if I did? Think more clearly. What would Dinny say of that keen mind of yours tonight?"

"I am thinking clearly—thinking that, at the best, it can never be proved that I didn't kill Dinny. Who's going to want me or my work—all the rest of my life?"

"We will prove you didn't do it. We're going to!" Jason spoke positively, with an assurance he did not feel.

"Have you something, an idea, really?" she asked, begging for permission to hope.

"Yes, I believe I have. And just you trust me and take care of yourself, and you will be out of here—*cleared,* too—in no time. Now go to bed and try to sleep. I'm seeing your father and doing lots of things tomorrow, but I'll be in for a few minutes." He patted her hand. "Good night—sleep tight," he directed, and left with a grateful, even faintly cheerful smile from the girl.

"J. Jones," he solemnly said to himself on the way up Genesee Street, "your work is cut out for you. But—"

"Well, it's got to be done," Jason admonished himself as he parked his car in front of the imposing Townsend home. (He had left Rip but twenty minutes before, so his young Lochinvar courage was still rampant.) "But if he isn't decent about it this little worm is going to take a boa-constrictor-sized turn. So we'll see—"

To his surprise, however, he was ushered into the library immediately upon presentation of his card. There was no sign of Celia, for which he was grateful.

"I heard that you had left town," said Mr. Townsend abruptly, indicating a chair with his hand.

"And so I had," Jason replied evenly; "but the O'Day family wired asking me to return. Because of the recent police action, they have requested me to continue my investigations into the manner of Dennis O'Day's death."

"But that's all cleared up now. The Van Winkle girl has been arrested and the newspapers say that she has no defense to offer." He shrugged acceptance of a situation that had little to do with himself.

"Nevertheless," answered Jason, "I'm picking up some loose ends again, and my inquiries continue to bring me back to you."

"Why? Why!" the elder man barked at Jason. "How on earth could I know anything about it?"

"Perhaps you don't know anything about it, but I'm afraid that's something you must prove, inasmuch as you were seen leaving your house less than ten minutes after Dr. O'Day had brought your daughter home from the dance. You were disturbed. You ran to Genesee Street, after the doctor's car, and went up to his home." (This last was sheer guesswork but Jason chanced it.) "Now, Mr. Townsend, I'm making these inquiries privately—for the present at least—and I have quite a little information that the police haven't run on to yet. One bit is that you had threatened Dinny; and the second is, as I said, that you went out at two o'clock on the morning that he was killed."

"AND is it to be supposed, because I didn't permit O'Day my house and because I went for a little walk at night, that *I* killed the man?"

"Mary Van Winkle was arrested on thinner grounds. I believe she did not kill O'Day. I believe you have something to tell me—or the police."

There was silence in the room for a long minute. When at last he spoke, Townsend's voice was brittle. He chose his words so carefully that Jason was reminded of George, Aunt Harriet's cat, picking his way across a mud puddle.

"I did go out that evening," Townsend said.

"Night," amended Jason.

"Night," agreed Townsend.

"Nearer morning, really," observed Jason as if to himself.

Townsend made an impatient gesture. "I was angry, it is true. I walked up to the O'Day residence to have a talk with Dennis. I intended once and for all to put a stop to Dennis O'Day's attentions to my daughter. She is nothing but a headstrong child with little knowledge of the world. O'Day had a way of getting around women—he'd had plenty of practice! Well, I prize my girl too highly to let her be contaminated by any friendship whatever with a man of that sort. After she had gone up to bed I started toward his house. When I reached there it was entirely dark. Naturally, I did not intrude at that hour. I had no desire to waken the others. I knew that I couldn't sleep in the disturbed condition I was in, and so I simply took a walk."

"Do you remember where you went?"

"I continued on up Genesee Street as far as Sauquoit Creek."

"And do you recall meeting any one?"

"WHEN I returned, I stopped and spoke for a minute or two with the carrier who makes the night mail collections at the corner of Shepherd Place and Genesee Street."

"What time was that?"

"I returned to the house at three fifteen, so that must have been about five minutes after three o'clock."

"If you will please give me the name of the postman, Mr. Townsend, I shall try to make my inquiries in such a way as to get verification of your statement without starting any gossip."

"I should be grateful for that at least. The postman's name is Frank Carson. He lives on Lansing Street, near John. No doubt you'll find his name in the telephone book."

"Whee-ee!" ejaculated Jason as he emerged into the street once more and clambered aboard his car. "Little Daniel in the lions' den had nothing on the way I felt during that session! Well, we'll look up Mr. Frank Carson, who collects mail at three o'clock in the morning. With good luck he'll still be at home."

Mr. Carson was in his garden in the rear of his house, which pointed itself skyward sharply and precisely in Queen Anne style. The gingerbread around the eaves made a pleasing variation to the sharp angles of the roof. Of course the garden should be an old-fashioned one, and it was.

Hollyhocks, sweet William, Canterbury bells, snapdragons, candytuft, and little bushes of hybrid roses were all in bloom now, and the profusion of green shrubs testified to the fact that every week from earliest spring to late fall brought forth its reward for loving care. As he went up the walk Jason had seen a man stooping over a bush, and guessing that the gardener was Mr. Carson himself, he walked round to the garden immediately.

"Are you Mr. Carson?" he inquired as the man, hearing footsteps on the soft turf, looked up.

"I am," he replied.

"Mr. Carson, I have been told that you are a mail carrier who makes the Genesee Street collection at Shepherd Place at 3 A. M. Is that correct?"

"Yes, it is."

Jason was getting no help. "My name is Jones. I am a friend of the O'Day family."

"Ah!" The words promised something almost as interesting as the elimination of the slugs that were carving every shred of fiber from the center of the Canterbury-bell stalks. "Well, now, that was a sad thing, Dr. Dinny's going like that, so mysteriously."

"Yes, it is a very strange case, and a sad one," assented Jason. "But do you know, Mr. Carson," he continued confidentially, "we're still working on it. Oh, yes."

"Well, I'd wondered how Dr. Angelo would take the verdict brought in about that Gibson woman's death. It didn't seem to me that he'd just leave that lay against his brother's name."

"It's been hard," said Jason, "for Dr. Angelo. But of course he had to work in the dark, you might say. I'm doing some quiet looking around for him and— You will respect this confidence?" Jason lowered his voice.

"I am one man who can keep his mouth shut," declared Carson emphatically.

"We've been wondering whether or not Dr. O'Day had some unknown enemy who killed him, and killed Mrs. Gibson afterward because she saw the crime. Of course

it would be very simple then to fix it up to look as though the doctor had killed Mrs. Gibson. That is why it occurred to me that such a person might have hung around the O'Day house at night, lying in wait for the doctor. If that were the case, you'd have been apt to see something that might give us a clue, since you go down Genesee Street past the O'Day residence. Can you recall any incident that struck you as peculiar, either that night or any night during the past few weeks?"

Mr. Carson went into deep thought for a moment. "No," he answered emphatically; "I don't remember anything unusual at all around the O'Day house. I'm sure if there had been anything queer the night of the murder I'd have remembered it, because there was so much excitement all over town the next day. I remember saying to my wife that I didn't know who could have wanted to do away with that nice young fellow, and I said if everybody in this town had to give alibis I wondered what would turn up. I said if the police had the time of their deaths right—three o'clock—then there's two people I know of that didn't kill them. One is me and the other is Mr. Townsend—Mr. Henry Townsend—because he was out walking and stopped to talk to me a minute right at the time I made the collection at Shepherd Place, and I'm due there about three. My wife used to be a maid in his house before we were married," he added. "She thinks a heap of him and of Miss Celia."

"THEN we shouldn't go suspecting either you or Mr. Townsend," Jason smiled. "But I don't think people who make such beautiful gardens have time to get into mischief."

"It does take up most of my time. It's expensive, too, putting in fancy roses and hardy perennials. But pshaw, it's about the only thing I like to do. It's getting too dark to see now, but come around early some evening and I'll be glad to show you what I've got set out here. I've taken prizes at the Rose Festival for the last seven years!"

And Jason found himself tucking one of the rarest crimson roses in his buttonhole as he walked back to the car—in spite of which he muttered: "So! His wife used to be a maid in Henry Townsend's house, did she?"

After breakfast the next morning, Jason told Aunt Hat he was leaving for the interview with Mr. Van Winkle and took off in his car. In spite of himself, a little hope sprang up. Possibly Pop would have something important to tell him—if not important, then something that could be used to help Mary, to help them all, and close the door on this ghastly business. They were dead, those two; no rewards or punishments could bring them back. Jason admitted that all he wanted was to end the investigation—end it decently and sanely. "That's what fear does to you," he thought.

He drove in the yard of the farm-

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The man had aged fifteen years since Jason had last seen him.

house and got out. Mrs. Van Winkle answered his knock at the screen door, appearing from the direction of the kitchen.

She almost ran to the door when she saw his face. "Oh, Mr. Jones, I'm so glad, so happy you have come at last! Now things will come right for Mary."

Jason was almost embarrassed at her welcome. He felt inadequate before such trusting faith. "I'm sorry such a thing had to call me back, Mrs. Van Winkle; but I hope we can straighten things for Mary very soon."

"I know. I felt awful yesterday. But then I didn't have much time to think of myself—papa began to act so queer. He took it to heart like he'd done the murder himself. He's got something on his mind. The first time in thirty years he's kept anything from me! I knew he had been bothered ever since those murders; but every time I'd ask him anything, he'd be so queer and worried that I left off. I hoped he'd forget. And he had until this happened to Mary. Now he's worse than ever." Her old eyes filled with easy tears.

"He'll tell us now, Mrs. Van Winkle. Don't you worry."

"Yes, I know. He thinks you are the only one to talk to. He went up to O'Days' yesterday before going in to see Mary—he left me at the station. But he wouldn't even talk to Dr. Angelo when he heard you were coming so soon."

JASON interrupted her volubility: "Where is your husband?"

"He's salting the young stock. That's a Sunday chore, but everything went topsy-turvy yesterday around the place. He'll be right up from the pasture."

"I think I'll go and meet him." Jason sensed that she would like to be there when the story was told; but for reasons of his own he preferred to be alone with Van Winkle.

He listened to her directions and, crossing the barnyards, walked down the lane at the back which sloped to the wood lots where the young stock were pastured. He mounted a little rise and sighted a stooped gray figure putting back some pasture bars. So he sat on the ground under a large maple tree and awaited Mr. Van Winkle's approach. It was slow and painful. The man had aged fifteen years since Jason had last seen him.

"Hello, Mr. Van Winkle," he called.

The farmer looked at him uncertainly before recognition came.

"I've wanted to see ye so much I guess I didn't believe my eyes," he said simply.

"Yes, I'm here at last; and I have been anxious to see you, too. Let's talk here so nothing can interrupt us."

Mr. Van Winkle seated himself on an old log. He took off his battered felt hat and turned it in his gnarled old hands. Speech seemed to come with difficulty.

"I done wrong," he said at last. "You remember that day you were down after me and I fixing fence? You asked me to talk then. You thought I could tell something, and so I could; but I wouldn't. I thought 'twould all come right without. And now it's too late."

"You're wrong," Jason said firmly. "It's not too late; it's just the right time."

The old man paid no attention; he turned the hat round and round, his eyes on it. "I've got to make you see why I couldn't tell before, and why I wouldn't now if it wasn't for Mary. Funny how only one thing in the world could make me talk, and now that's come. Almost as if God said, 'You should have told, Van Winkle, and you know it; and if right won't make you, I will.' My wife would call that blasphemy, but I don't mean it so. I suppose I'm glad it has to come out—though it's heavy blame I'll get."

Jason saw the uselessness of hurrying questions, and let him go on in his own way, though the younger man was seething with impatience.

"You see, I know who killed the doctor!"

Mr. Van Winkle raised his eyes and looked defiantly at Jason for a minute before he dropped them again to his twisting hat.

Farmer Van Winkle has a remarkable story to tell. It produces one of the biggest sensations of all in the mystifying case. But does it clear his daughter Rip of the murders of Dr. Dinny and Lila Gibson? Does it clinch the crimes on another? Next week's installment brings Jason Jones's investigation to a startling turn.

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1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which one of the cities or towns interests you most, and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 6, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

THE Game of Cities is still young! This is only the second week, and even if you failed to start with the opening gong you still have ample time to get started now and catch up with the field.

If you did not begin this interesting game with the first two pictures, read the rules carefully before you decide what American cities are suggested or indicated by drawings 3 and 4. When you have titled these to your satisfaction you will need drawings 1 and 2 to bring your entry up to date. A written request mailed to the contest address in Rule 6 will bring them to you without charge. When you receive them, study them for their respective cities and then file them with drawings 3 and 4 to hold until your set of twenty is complete. The next two drawings of this series will be published next week.

TWO MORE CONTEST DRAWINGS WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

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Beginning

OUR NEW CIVIL WAR

By

Will Irwin

How Uncle Sam's mysterious "G-Men" destroy public enemies -- The inside story of America's most sensational and successful attack on organized crime

---

TREASURE TROVE

By

Ian Hay

Presenting Liberty's annual New Year ghost story—a beguiling tale of a haunted wood and the elfin magic of love

---

Other stories and articles by Jay Franklin, Paul Loomis, Clara Beranger, and others

The Arabian Nights

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Shahrazad, the beautiful slave and her master, King Shahriyar.

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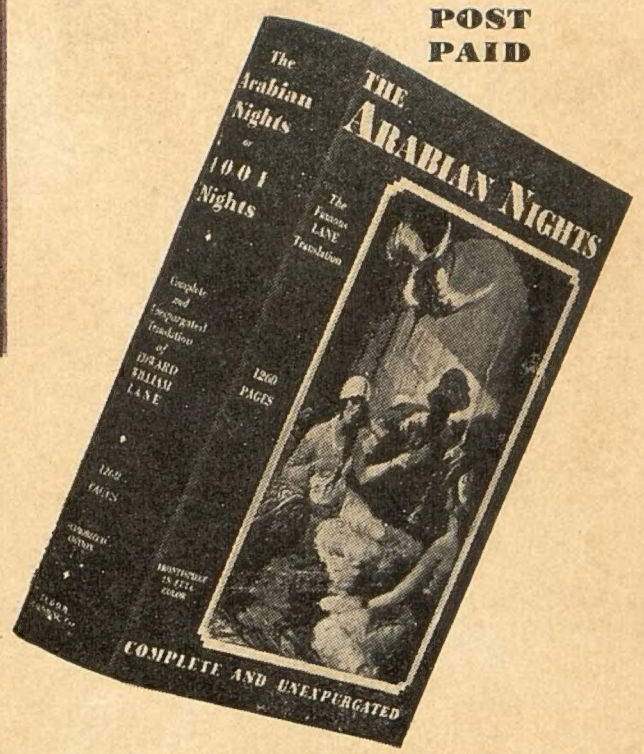

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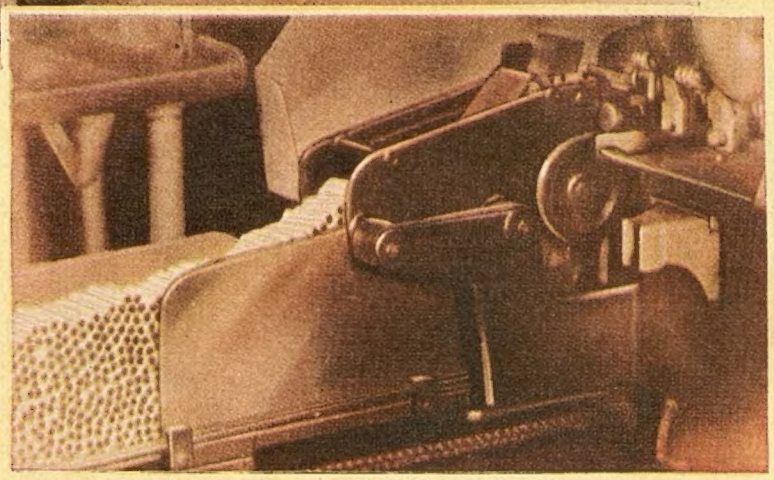

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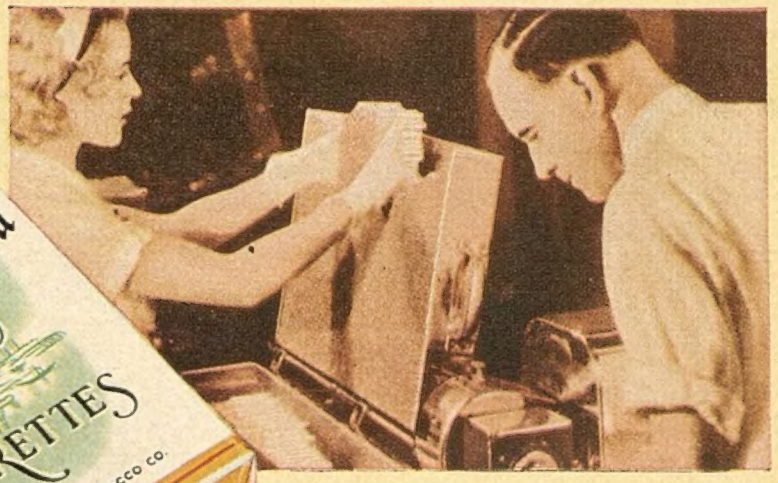

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